A PUBLICATION OF HYMNS;

IN TWO PARTS,

The latter of which has never been Printed before.

In that day ſhall this ſong be ſung in the land of Judah. We have a ſtrong city; ſalvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.

Iſaiah xxvi. 1.

PART FIRST REVISED AND CORRECTED,

By WILLIAM BATTY.

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Isabella Richardson
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To the Reader.

THE following preface was printed in the laſt edition, in the firſt part of the following hymns; and as that ſhort preface contained ſome of the fundamental articles profeſſed, and maintained by the people, for whom theſe hymns were originally deſigned, it is thought proper to reprint the ſame; not only to ſhew that we ſtill continue to believe the ſame truths; but alſo that ſome detached individual (into whoſe hands this little book may perhaps providentially fall) may, thro' the bleſſing of God, receive ſome inſtruction, or conſolation therefrom: For the bleſſing of God is not confined to pompous orations, or long harangues

harangues of matter ſpun to the ſmalleſt thread, or dreſt after the moſt faſhionable taſte; but plainneſs of ſpeech, without enticing words of man's wiſdom, is the ſtandard for all divinity to be meaſured by, with regard to its dreſs; even as the form of doctrine delivered in the ſcriptures, is the rule to try every doctrine, whether they be human or divine.

PRE-

PREFACE.

ALtho' the following Hymns have been uſed for ſome years paſt, amongſt a people profeſſing themſelves the diſciples of Jeſus; yet the greateſt part have never been printed before. The author makes no apology for their publication, being perſuaded, that ſo far as they breathe the ſpirit and language of the goſpel, human recommendations can add nothing to their worth: and ſo far as they are contrary thereunto, all human commendations in whatever dreſs, or with what names ſoever ornamented, cannot change the tin into gold, nor error into truth.

Human writings which are well ſuited to a corrupt chriſtianity, and their dreſs adapted to the taſte of the times, have generally a conſiderable run, but in time even theſe wax old, like a moth-eaten garment, and grow out of date like a faſhion of the age, but the word of God endureth for ever. The beſt of human writings are very muddy when compared with the fountain, or ſcriptures of truth, and ought to be read with care, and compared with the ſcriptures by all who love truth more than error, the word of faith more than ſcience, and ſenſe more than ſound.

Some people think that no hymns or ſongs ſhould be uſed in public worſhip, but thoſe in the ſcriptures,

ſcriptures, and in the very words which the holy Ghoſt has dictated them in. The author has no great quarrel with ſuch people upon that account, altho' he thinks ſomewhat different.

The following hymns are an attempt upon the ſcripture plan, printed for the uſe of the people abovementioned that they may teach and admoniſh one another in pſalms, hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs, according to their judgment of the apoſtles word, notwithſtanding any thing they have yet, either ſeen, or heard to the contrary.

† The reader will eaſily perceive that the divinity of Jeſus Chriſt is a leading ſentiment in the following pages, as we think it ought to be in every tract of divinity, for if Jeſus Chriſt be not *God over all*, the judicious reader can view the ſcriptures in no other light than a cunningly diviſed fable; for they aſſert in the cleareſt and plaineſt words, that Jeſus is the maker of all things, *viſible and inviſible, the Alpha and Omega, without beginning of days or end of life; the ſame yeſterday to day and forever; the only wiſe God; the great God and our Saviour; the true God and eternal life.* This appears likewiſe further evident from the ſcriptures, making Jeſus Chriſt the object of faith and worſhip: for if divine revelation, propounds an object of faith, or perſon to be believed on, and truſted in for ſalvation; that perſon muſt either be God, or every one who believes and obeys that revelation, neceſſarily be led into idolatry; for he who can ſave, muſt be able to forgive ſins, give life from the dead, and deliver from every foe, which no created being has power to do; for *no man can quicken his own ſoul.* God's

God's word declares that forgiveneſs of ſins is inſeperably connected with faith in Jeſus Chriſt, without the deeds of the law, and that whoſoever believeth in him, is paſſed from death unto life, and ſhall not come into condemnation. This faith is the gift of God, thro' the operation of the holy Ghoſt, altho' it be neither more nor leſs than the belief of a divine teſtimony: for man by nature is dead in ſin his underſtanding is darkneſs itſelf, his mind enmity againſt God, and therefore as unable to perceive, or believe a divine goſpel teſtimony, as to keep the holy law of God: for as it is written, *none ſeek after God*, ſo none underſtand the things of the ſpirit of God, (goſpel truths) becauſe they are to be ſpiritually diſcerned.)

If faith be ſomething elſe than the belief of a divine teſtimony, we can have no juſt conceptions of its nature; but are led into endleſs perplexities and abſurdities about it. The ſcriptures reveal God's will, and man's duty, opening and explaining the myſtery hid from ages and generations, or the everlaſting purpoſe, which he purpoſed in himſelf, concerning the ſalvation of ſinners, thro' a plan of redemption which was finiſhed when Jeſus expired on the croſs; for his dying words declared the fulfilment of *Daniel's* remarkable propheſy; *ſeventy weeks are determined upon thy people to finiſh tranſgreſſions, and to make an end of ſin*; and when Jeſus gave up the ghoſt, he cried, it is finiſhed, and obtained for his people an eternal redemption. The ſcriptures contain many glorious truths, and the bleſſing of God is connected

connected with the knowledge of them all; yet there is one capital truth which runs thro' the whole, and with which every other truth is connected, and receives therefrom its influence and power. This is that truth witneſſed by all the prophets, and confirmed by the voice of God, when he teſtified from the cloud, that Jeſus was his beloved ſon in whom he was well pleaſed. This is the truth which the divine *three* jointly bear record unto from heaven. God ſaid he would record his name in the tabernacle and temple, and thither ſhould the tribes come to offer their ſacrifices, and therefore was the tabernacle called the tabernacle of *witneſs* or teſtimony. Jeſus is the *name* or character of *Jehovah*, as appears from his prayer "father glorify th. *name*." Which is ſtill more evident from the anſwer, "I "have both glorified it, and will glorify it again," that is by owning thee my beloved ſon from the cloud, and I will glorify it again; which was done when he raiſed him again from the dead, and declared him thereby to be the ſon of God with power. The belief of this truth, is that faith which makes devils tremble, and ſinners of the ſeed of Abraham rejoice. Jeſus took not hold of angels, but of the ſeed of Abraham he took hold therefore the belief of this truth is no dead faith, for it gives torment to the devils, thro' provoking their enmity and hatred; but hope, love, and obedience to the other, thro' the mercy and loving-kindneſs of God, which is manifeſted thereby. In the belief of this truth there is forgiveneſs of

ſins,

ſins, the ſpirit of adoption crying "abba father" in a lively hope of eternal life.

This faith is both taught and exemplified in the ſcriptures. For it is written, "whoever believes "that Jeſus is the ſon of God, he dwells in God, "and God in him. *Whoſoever believeth that Jeſus is the Chriſt is born of God.*" When Peter confeſſed his maſter to be Chriſt the ſon of God, Jeſus pronounced him bleſſed, and whomſoever Jeſus bleſſeth is bleſſed indeed. Fleſh and blood did not reveal this truth to Peter, but Jeſu's father which is in heaven. If this be not the faith of the goſpel it will be hard to prove the apoſtles believers, when Jeſus pronounced them bleſſed; for at that time they did not know what the reſurrection meant; and with regard to Jeſu's dying they ſaid, that be far from thee, yet Jeſus pronounced them *clean* thro' the word he had ſpoke, by which they knew *aſſuredly* that he came out from God.

This was Abraham's faith, when he believed the divine declaration of the promiſed ſeed, which ſeed was Chriſt as Paul teacheth. And as Abraham was to be the father of the faithful, all his children muſt be of his faith: accordingly, in the new teſtament we find the Ethiopian's faith was, *I believe that Jeſus is the ſon of God*, which confeſſion was taken for converſion by the evangeliſt, as appeared by admitting him to baptiſm. *Canſt thou belive that I am able?* which muſt include as much as believing him to be the ſon of God; (which expreſſion in the new teſtament ſignifies verily

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verily and truly God) for God alone could do the miracles which he did. By faith we underſtand that the heavens were made of old by the word of God, thro' believing the firſt verſe in the Bible, and by faith we underſtand that Jeſus is the ſon of God (*Jehovah*) thro' a demonſtration of the truth of the divine teſtimony, by the power of the holy Ghoſt. For no man can ſay that Jeſus is Lord but by the holy Ghoſt. Thus faith is the ſubſtance, ſubſiſtence, or ſomething ſtanding under the believers hope (which faith, is his confidence or ground of glorying) and the evidence, or demonſtration of things not ſeen.

This faith is followed by obedience, called the "obedience of faith," and we have this alſo taught and exemplified in the new teſtament, agreeable to the divine commiſſion "go ye and "diſciple all nations, teaching them to obſerve "all things whatſoever I have commanded you." Believing the truth, confeſſing the faith, being added to the church, are ſynonimous terms in the new teſtament. Being brought into the goſpel fellowſhip, thro' the apoſtles doctrine, they were to manifeſt their faith by renouncing the traditions of men vain philoſophy, and the elements of this world, in keeping the commandments and ordinances of Jeſus, as the apoſtles delivered them to churches; "bearing one another's burthens, and "ſo fulfilling the law of Chriſt, or new com-"mandment of brotherly love, in loving one "another for the truth's ſake, not in word and "tongue but in deed and truth; miniſtring to the "neceſſities

" neceſſities of the poor, meekly inſtructing thoſe " who oppoſe themſelves, and reſtoring thoſe " who where taken in faults thro' ſurprize, in the " ſpirit of meekneſs and fear; admoniſhing and " reproving the offenders; cutting of the ſuper- " fluity of naughtineſs, by the rod of diſcipline." Whether in the obſtinate heretic, immoral walker, or ungodly brother, who either wilfully refuſed, or neglected the obſervation of the laws and ordinances of the kingdom of God; theſe genuine fruits of the goſpel, are brought forth by that faith, which works by love, to that truth which faith receives, which his Chriſt the chriſtian's God, in whom the fulneſs of the godhead dwells bodily.

The primitive, or apoſtolic churches, conſiſting of elders, biſhops, or overſeers, and deacons, with diſciples, or members, were churches of the living God; the kingdom of God upon earth, that holy nation which kept the truth, and ſhewed forth the praiſes, or character of God; and in contending for the faith after this manner, they gave all diligence to the full aſſurance of hope; or to that promiſe which Jeſus gave to his obedient diſciples, of manifeſting himſelf unto them, or his father and himſelf coming to make their abode with them by the Holy Ghoſt witneſſing with their ſpirits, their election, ſonſhip, &c. This holy walking is expreſſed in the ſcripture in theſe words; " They continued ſtedfaſtly in the apoſtle's doctrine, in fellowſhip (or miniſtring to the ſaints) in breaking bread (the Lord's ſupper) and prayer.

Altho' theſe churches were obedient to the powers who then governed the world, and that for

for conſcience ſake, praying for the rulers, and ſeeking the peace of that city or country where their lot was caſt: yet in religious matters they profeſſed no ſubjection to any juriſdiction under heaven, but owned Chriſt for their only head, waiting upon him in the ways of his own appointing, and therein looking for his ſecond coming, or appearing and kingdom, jealous of every antichriſtian error, which then began to work in the many little antichriſts of the time, who were forerunners of the ſon of perdition; watching leſt any root of bitterneſs ſhould ariſe, to trouble and defile many.

However frightful and diſagreeable church order and diſcipline be to ſome, and however unknown or diſregarded by others, yet there cannot be a church of God without it, (according to ſcripture rule) any more than a kingdom of this world without rule and government; for without it, this is anarchy, and that Babel, or confuſion. And as the Lord Jeſus has given us both command and example for this in his word, it will not be eaſy for the negligent ſervant to give a ſolid anſwer to that awful queſtion before that great tribunal; "who then is that wiſe and faithful ſervant." For however we may flatter ourſelves by thinking that we can ſerve the Lord Jeſus better in a way of our own, which as we may think is more agreeable and better ſuited, to place, time, and circumſtance; yet in the end, when we come to make up our accounts, it is certain that thoſe ſervants who have been ſteering, or ſtriving to ſteer by the compaſs

paſs of the word of God, will have more boldneſs in that day, than thoſe who have neglected a great part of the ſcriptures, in order to make a fair ſhew in the fleſh, or as they ignorantly think, to bring more honour to their maſter. The laws of Jeſus Chriſt are unalterable, and like his kingdom, not of this world, but ſuited to a kingdom of God thro' every age country, and circumſtance.

A viſible church (formed upon the ſcriptural plan) is the proper place for trying the faith of a chriſtian, as well as for growing in grace and ſpiritual underſtanding; for the more of the goſpel we have, the more errors and imperfections we ſhall find, and where they are found, there they are the moſt likely to be cured, or elſe expoſed and made manifeſt: moreover this being the way of God's appointing, it muſt needs be ſafeſt for a chriſtian to be looking out from this *watch tower*, for that bleſſed hope, and glorious appearing of his great God and Saviour, *who ſhall come in flaming fire, to take vengeance upon all, who know not God, nor obey his goſpel.* Happy will it be then for thoſe his ſervants who have been ſerving him, not in the field only, but alſo in the houſe or church, and have been building in his temple according to the *pattern ſhewed on the mount* Moſes gained the character of *faithful* in God's houſe and bleſſed will that ſervant be, who ſhall hear his Lord ſay, *well done thou good and faithful ſervant.* Lord, ſpare thy people, and bleſs thine heritage, remember thy Zion, ſquare, poliſh, and fit her ſtones for thy ſpiritual building, that they may

come

come together, like bone to his bone, and grow up into an holy temple in the Lord, where praiſe and thankſgiving may be offered up continually in holy worſhip, to him who loved us, and waſhed us from our ſins in his own blood. Amen.

W. BATTY.

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A COL-

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

PART I.

HYMN I. *Common Metre.*

1 LET God's redeemed join in ſongs,
And hearts, and voices raiſe;
To them the privilege belongs,
His ſacred name to praiſe.

2 To him who lov'd, and waſh'd away,
Our ſins in his own blood;
We'll ſing to everlaſting day,
Salvation to our God.

3 When Jeſus dy'd upon the croſs,
He made an end of ſin;
And everlaſting righteouſneſs,
He to his church brought in.

4 Mercy and truth in friendſhip met;
And righteouſneſs, and peace,
Did then each other kindly greet,
And all their jarrings ceaſe.

5 God can the ſinner juſtify,
And righteous ſtill remain;
Jeſus the law did magnify,
And bore its curſe when ſlain.

6 Praiſe him thro' whom theſe bleſſings came,
Ev'n Jeſus ſtill adore;
And bleſs, and magnify his name,
Both now, and evermore.

HYMN II. *Long Metre.*

1 WHILE many ſing of inward good,
And ſoftly ſpeak of grace and blood;
Our ſong ſhall be of him who dy'd,
And for our ſins was crucify'd.

2 Who can declare his heav'nly birth?
Angels with wonder, on the earth
Beheld their God from blazing day,
Diſguis'd in robes of mortal clay.

3 Bluſh! O ye earthly kings to ſee,
The king of kings in poverty;
Born of a poor and lowly maid,
And helpleſs in a manger laid!

4 Tho'

4 Tho' God in humble form appear'd,
Kings trembl'd and their people fear'd;
And terror ſpread whole countries round,
When he in ſwathing cloaths was bound.

5 The myſt'ry great conceal'd here lies,
Safe from the prudent, and the wiſe;
And only to God's babes made known,
How God with man is fleſh and bone.

6 This myſt'ry ſtill be all our theme,
To know, and worſhip the ſupreme!
In human fleſh made near and low;
'Tis life eternal this to know.

HYMN III. *Long Metre.*

1 WHEN God in human fleſh was ſeen,
And his eſſential glory vail'd;
In ſervant's form, and humble mein,
The heavenly ſtranger was conceal'd;

2 But to his choſen fav'rite friends,
Who did him for *Meſſiah* own;
On *Tabor's Mount* he condeſcends,
To make his pow'r and coming known.

3 Moſt grand the interview was here,
The over-ſhadowing cloud beneath;
Both dead and living ſaints appear
With Jeſus, Lord of life, and death;

4 Whoſe countenance with glory ſhone,
More bright than *Moſes* face of old;
This was eclips'd by vail alone;
But that made raiment ſhine like gold.

5 Whilſt ſaints diveſted of their clay,
Confer with their transfigur'd God;
In joys tranſported melt away
The ſaints, yet cloath'd in fleſh and blood.

6 Weighty indeed the ſubject was,
A joyful ſound thro' earth and heav'n!
Jeſu's deceaſe upon the croſs,
The ſon of God for ſinners giv'n.

7 From this bright cloud God teſtify'd,
This is my well beloved ſon;
In whom I'm pleas'd and glorify'd;
Give ear ye nations unto him.

HYMN IV. *Common Metre.*

1 LONG hid from all the human race,
In God the myſt'ry lay,
How he the riches of his grace,
And Juſtice would diſplay.

2 This to accompliſh, worlds were rear'd
When fleeting time began;
Wiſdom and power divine appear'd,
In making thoſe and man.

3 But God's perfections here did ſhine,
Only in partial view;
For mercy, love, and wrath divine,
No creature ſaw, or knew.

4 *For this*, ſin enter'd like the ſhade,
By ſkilful painter drawn,
When he intends to have diſplay'd
His art, and name made known;

5 Thus, that the riches of God's grace,
Might moſt tranſcendent ſhine;
The ſhade appears, thro' ſins diſgrace,
In dark and gloomy lines:

6 'Till God's deſign at laſt to man,
Moſt fully was diſplay'd:
Magnificent and grand the plan,
In deepeſt wiſdom laid.

7 God with this work entruſts his ſon:
Should he like Adam fail,
No hope is left, man is undone;
And grace cannot prevail.

8 But hark! the father loudly cries,
In him I am well pleas'd:
'Tis finiſh'd Jeſus cry'd likewiſe,
And juſtice is appeas'd.

HYMN V. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW grand the plan of ſov'reign grace!
Which is diſplay'd in Jeſu's face;
Where all the goodneſs of our God,
Now ſhines thro' dear Immanuel's blood.

2 How glorious is that righteouſneſs!
For Jeſu's ſpouſe a wedding dreſs:
Wrought out by him in toil and grief;
The ground of hope, and ſure relief.

3 How dreadful was that fiery wrath!
Which flaming burnt in Jeſu's death;
When God in juſtice was made known,
Condemning ſin in his own ſon.

4 Then was the character of God,
Unto his creatures fully ſhow'd;
Not only his eternal pow'r,
But love and goodneſs evermore.

5 Love paſſing knowledge here broke forth,
Thro' blood of everlaſting worth:
What elſe could ſhew the love of God?
But his own ſon, and his own blood.

6 Place here thy confidence, my ſoul,
In life; and when death's billows roll:
No other paſs-port ſeek but this,
To gain the port of heav'nly bliſs.

HYMN

HYMN VI. *Long Metre.*

1 MAN's debt immenſe, to God was paid,
When our high prieſt his blood did ſhed;
Drown'd was God's wrath and bond giv'n in,
When Jeſus made an end of ſin.

2 The grave was vanquiſh'd when he roſe,
And death o'ercome with all man's foes,
The conqu'ror was receiv'd to heav'n,
And pow'r and glory to him giv'n.

3 A prieſt for ever, now ſet down
Upon his own, and father's throne;
And ever lives to intercede,
For all his countleſs blood-bought ſeed.

4 His blood redeems from guilt of ſin,
And makes the ſinner's conſcience clean;
And brings the wand'rer to his reſt;
Where life eternal is poſſeſt.

5 If death by one offence did reign,
O'er all the guilty ſons of Men;
Much more thro' righteouſneſs ſhall grace,
Now reign to life, on Abr'am's race.

6 Chriſt's work alone ſufficient is
To juſtify, and bring to bliſs,
The Ground of glory is his croſs,
For this we count our gain but loſs.

HYMN VII. *Common Metre.*

1 BEHOLD! ſaith God, my only ſon
Now ſet on Sion's hill,
Anointed king to rule alone,
And my decrees fulfill.

2 His reign ſhall be in righteouſneſs,
To ſway the goſpel rod;
His ſubjects he with peace ſhall bleſs,
And ever be their God.

3 He ſhall likewiſe a covert be,
From the deſtroying ſtorms,
Of wrath divine, and jealouſy,
In all their dreadful forms;

4 A river too, as chryſtal clear,
In ſandy parched ſoil,
He to the thirſty ſhall appear,
To cool the fainting ſoul:

5 A rock whoſe ſhade ſhall far extend,
To form a cool retreat,
For pilgrims in *Immanuel's* land,
In time of ſultry heat.

6 The ſtupid ſoul of judgment void,
Shall knowledge underſtand,
The ſtam'ring tongue ſhall ſpeak aloud
The things of Gods right hand,

7 The

7 The Phariſee ſhall bluſhing ſtand,
With all his ſelf-wrought good;
Ragged his robes, and weak his hands
Before the truth of God.

HYMN VIII. *Common Metre.*

1 O How tranſcendent is that grace!
Which thro' the goſpel ſhines,
And manifeſts in Jeſu's face
A righteouſneſs divine.

2 Sinleſs perfection here is found,
But in no other man;
His righteouſneſs with joy was crown'd,
Where endleſs life began.

3 He conquer'd not by ſword or bow,
But triumph'd when he fell;
Thro' death o'ercame the powers below,
Who rul'd the gates of hell.

4 Death unto death was Chriſt our Lord,
And ſlew it in the grave;
Breaking its bonds like Sampſon's cords,
And able prov'd to ſave.

5 He who was always God's delight,
Is now with glory crown'd,
A king of kings in realms of light,
Where endleſs joys abound.

6 Happy

6 Happy the man who makes his boaſt,
Of him who ſhed his blood;
Thrice happy he, who puts his truſt
In Chriſt, the ſon of God.

HYMN IX. *Common Metre.*

1 HOW glorious is that grace which gave
God's own beloved ſon!
When this, and nothing elſe could ſave,
Man, fallen and undone.

2 This gift divine doth fully ſhow,
The worth of ſov'reign grace;
Hereby alone can ſinners know
God's love in Jeſu's face.

3 What grace was that thro' which our God,
Did live and die for men?
And in the grave made his abode,
And took his life again?

4 The ſov'reignty of grace here ſhines,
In God's accepting good;
The work of Chriſt for human crimes,
Inſtead of human blood.

5 How free that grace which viſits men;
While lying in their blood;
Without a wiſh, or will, or work,
To recommend to God!

6 Shine

6 Shine forth thou ſon of righteouſneſs,
With healing in thy wings;
And with that grace thy people bleſs,
Which full ſalvation brings.

HYMN X. *Short Metre.*

1 SHALL the redeem'd above,
Eternal ſabbath keep;
And chant inceſſant ſongs of love;
Nor ſlumber take, nor ſleep;

2 And we refuſe to ſing,
His praiſe one day in ſev'n;
Who doth to us ſalvation bring,
And make us heirs of heav'n.

3 This is the joyful day,
Whereon the Saviour roſe
From death, and did the tyrant ſlay,
And conquer'd all his foes.

4 To *Mary*, and her friends,
Whoſe love prevents the morn;
He ſhews himſelf alive, and ſends
Good news to the forlorn.

5 His wounded hands and ſide,
Him evidenc'd to be
Their friend, and Lord, the crucify'd,
But late on Calvary.

6 They ſaw with gazing eyes,
The cloud to him come down;
On which he rode, thro' worlds and ſkies,
In triumph to his throne.

HYMN XI. *Short Metre.*

1 ONCE did JEHOVAH ſay,
Unto the Saviour great;
Sit thou on my right hand alway,
Until beneath thy feet,

2 I bring thy ſtouteſt foes;
And thou with iron rod
Shalt rule, and break in pieces thoſe,
Who would not own thee God.

3 Let every angel bright,
Unto thy ſceptre bow:
In thee my ſon, is my delight,
Thro' the eternal *now*.

4 A charge was likewiſe giv'n,
Unto the church of God;
To worſhip him who came from heav'n,
When cloath'd with fleſh and blood.

5 They, who confeſs his name,
As ſovereign Lord and God;
Who to redeem his people came,
By water and by blood.

6 They ſhall, and only they,
With joy and boldneſs ſtand;
Before his face on that great day,
When burn both ſea and land.

HYMN XII. *Long Metre.*

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let earth rejoice;
And all who know his ſacred name,
With one accord lift up their voice,
And loudly his great pow'r proclaim.

2 He cloathed is with majeſty,
And girt with ſtrength above all pow'r;
The world's foundations firmly lie,
Unſhaken by the waves which roar.

3 His throne eſtabliſh'd is of old,
By a perpetual firm decree:
Ev'n Jeſus once for ſinners ſold,
Was God from all eternity.

4 Before the hills and mountains roſe;
Or night and day their race begun;
Before the floods lift up their voice,
Or ſhone in firmament the ſun,

5 Jeſus in everlaſting day,
Did reign, e'er time began to be;
In vain the waves oppoſe his ſway;
His word which made, can ſtill the ſea.

6 The teſtimonies, which declare
His ſacred name, are firm, and ſure;
And holineſs dwells in his houſe,
While king, and kingdom do endure.

HYMN XIII. *Common Metre.*

1 'TIS meet and right to ſing the praiſe,
Of our redeeming Lord;
Who ever was, and is always,
The true life-giving word.

2 He ſpake and wond'rous worlds appear'd,
Amazing to man's view;
The earth, and heav'ns around declar'd,
His glories ever new.

3 He hung the ſkies with lamps around,
To govern day and night,
And bid them run their races round,
And ſhed abroad their light.

4 Praiſe him ye num'rous worlds on high,
While you your races run;
Praiſe him who rides with you on ſkies,
Until your journey's done.

5 This world by God and man call'd earth,
With briny ſeas around,
To Jeſus owe their form and birth,
With fulneſs therein found.

6 Ye

6 Ye lofty mountains bow your heads,
Ye waves his praiſes roar;
While rolling on your ſandy beds,
Ye foaming daſh the ſhore!

HYMN XIV. *Common Metre.*

1 YE feather'd tribes ſoar up on high,
And on expanded wing,
God's praiſes warble thro' the ſky,
And make its arches ring!

2 Ye ſhort-liv'd throng that fly or creep,
Ye beaſts upon the ground;
With monſters ſporting in the deep,
Join all his praiſe to ſound!

3 Ye num'rous tribes, and worlds unknown,
By keeneſt naked eye;
In chorus univerſal join,
To ſound his praiſe on high.

4 But man, O man, to thee belongs
Chiefly, this bleſt employ?
Thou'rt form'd to ſing eternal ſongs,
And live in endleſs joy.

5 Begin on earth, or elſe in heav'n,
Thou'lt be no chanter there;
The heirs of grace thro' ſin forgiv'n
Begin their ſinging here.

6 When *Iſrael* paſt the watr'y deep,
They ſung upon the ſhore;
The ſaints eternal ſabbath keep,
And ſing for evermore.

HYMN XV. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW ſtriking were the types of old,
By God deſigned to unfold;
The myſt'ries of redemption great,
Glorious, eternal, and compleat.

2 Upon the great atonement day,
When Iſrael met to faſt and pray,
And ſin confeſs with outward ſigns
Of dread, and fear, and wrath divine.

3 Aaron in robes of glory dreſt,
And Iſrael's name on back and breaſt;
With reeking blood of dying goat,
Redemption for the nation wrought.

4 But this in type did only ſhow,
What Jeſus was to undergo;
When Iſrael and their ſins were bound,
With chains divine his perſon round:

5 God's people ſtood engraved then,
On Jeſu's breaſt with diamond pen;
And to his ſhoulders ty'd with bands
Of mighty pow'r, with mighty hands.

6 When

6 When in their nature he became,
Fleſh with their fleſh; and ſhame with ſhame:
In cloſeſt union then were bound,
To him his people worlds around.

7 From thence who can them ſeparate?
Or what can change his love to hate?
That love which is the love of God,
And ſeal'd for ever by his blood.

HYMN XVI. *Long Metre.*

ON THE RESURRECTION.

1 EARLY upon a ſabbath's morn,
The Lord of life from death aroſe;
And ſhew'd himſelf the dead's firſt-born,
And more than conqu'ror o'er his foes.

2 The Jewiſh policy was vain,
Altho' combin'd with Roman pow'r;
Captivity he led in Chains,
And reigns in life for evermore.

3 His reſurrection from the grave,
Is now the ſign to ſinners given;
That he Almighty is to ſave,
And peace has made in earth and heav'n.

4 God's word and oath to Abr'ams ſeed,
On reſurrection's truth do ſtand,
Confirm'd hereby, and ſure indeed,
To thoſe of ev'ry age and land.

5 We who this glorious truth confeſs,
Of doubtful mind why ſhould we be;
The work was wrought in righteouſneſs,
And finiſh'd on mount Calvary.

6 If he was able death to ſlay,
And all its vaſt dominion ſpoil;
Surely to heav'n he'll bear away,
The travail of his wounded ſoul.

7 This is the joyful day indeed,
When from the grave *Immanuel* came;
Let us rejoice in him our head,
And ſhout ſalvation to his name.

HYMN XVII. *Common Metre.*

1 COME let us join our king to praiſe,
Who rules on Sion's hill:
Who was, and is, and will always,
Be Lord and ſov'reign ſtill.

2 The father ſwore (nor can repent)
Unto his only ſon,
I'll lift thy head from baniſhment,
Like *David* to a throne.

3 Thy foes I'll cruſh beneath thy feet,
As with an iron rod;
And thou upon my throne ſhall ſit,
And Iſrael own thee God.

4 His

4 His brethren with indignant frown,
Cry'd on his darkeſt day;
If thou be Iſrael's king come down,
And we will own thy ſway.

5 They mock'd him in his ſuff'ring hour,
And crown'd their king with thorns;
In purple robes all ting'd with gore,
They treat their Lord with ſcorns.

6 His piteous cries, and dying groans,
Were muſic in their ears;
But when from death he roſe again,
Alarmed were their fears.

7 Confounded to the laſt degree,
They ſeek for to maintain
Their cauſe with lies, and bribery,
Both ſinful, weak, and vain.

HYMN XVIII. *Common Metre.*

1 WITH joy behold our riſen God,
In robes of majeſty;
Not *Sinai* but creation nods,
And angels bow the knee.

2 They who of late in ſcorner's chair,
In triumph proud did ſit;
Trembling ſhall ſtand in deep deſpair,
Before the monarch's feet.

3 The heathen realms are now his right,
Thro' being ſon and heir;
Let Sion's daughter cry and ſhout,
And all the nations fear.

4 He reigns in everlaſting day,
In new *Jeruſalem*?
He loved righteouſneſs alway,
And God exalted him.

5 The day is haſtening on apace,
When theſe our eyes ſhall ſee,
With rapture, that once marred face,
In power and majeſty.

6 Hail holy! holy! holy Lord!
Now in thy kingdom come;
And in thy chariots of the clouds,
Fetch thy beloved home.

HYMN XIX. *Long Metre.*

1 O Righteous father! hear the cry,
Of thy poor children in the duſt;
From of thy throne eſtabliſh'd high,
In mercy and in judgment juſt.

2 Give us thy holy name to know,
As now it ſhines in Jeſu's face;
Who manifeſted here below,
Thy glory and thy ſov'reign grace.

3 Give

3 Give us to ſee the Flaming Sword,
Once ſatisfied with Jeſu's blood;
And thro' the reconciling word,
Let us enjoy the peace of God.

4 Give us that faith, which works by love,
Unto that truth which we profeſs;
Striving in all thy ways to prove,
Jeſus our Lord, and righteouſneſs.

5 Help us, dear Lord, to wait on thee,
In wiſdom's gates at thy commands;
Strong in the goſpel's unity,
As body held by joints and bands.

6 Thy bleſſing on us reſt always,
And form us by thy pow'rful word,
A people to thy name, and praiſe,
And we'll declare thy truth abroad.

HYMN XX. *Long Metre.* REV. 20.

1 WHEN Jeſus Mary's ſon has ſlain,
The man of ſin with endleſs pain,
And the arch-tempter of mankind,
Far in the deep in chains confin'd.

2 In wonders ſtill he will proceed,
And raiſe from death the woman's ſeed,
Then gather them into his fold,
His glorious perſon to behold;

3 He who with them was fleſh and bone,
Will then amongſt them fix his throne;
And they his face with joy ſhall ſee,
And with their God forever be.

4 Upon this earth a thouſand years,
He'll reign with them and drown their tears;
His kingdom then our eyes ſhall ſee,
In glory, power, and majeſty.

5 The preſence of this conqu'ring God,
Who ranſom'd *Iſrael* by his blood;
Will ſo tranſport the ſaints with joy,
That praiſe ſhall be their whole employ.

6 Lo this they ſing, is Iſrael's God!
Who lov,d and waſh'd us in his blood,
We've waited for him, now he's come,
And brought us ſafely to his home.

HYMN XXI. *Long Metre.* REV. 21.

1 WHEN judgment of the unjuſt dead
Is paſt, and they to darkneſs driv'n,
In wonders ſtill God will proceed,
Creating a new earth and heav'n:

2 *John* ſaw the former paſs away,
Folded up like a parchment's ſcroll;
The rulers of both night and day,
Before the Lamb away did roll.

3 All nature agonizing mourns,
A darken'd ſun, and troubled ſky;
The moon to blood ſtagnated turns,
And all things to confuſion fly.

4 From ruin'd worlds the Saviour's hand
Rears up on the eternal hills,
A temple, which ſhall ever ſtand,
Where righteouſneſs for ever dwells.

5 There curſe, and death, and hell are drown'd,
And life, and light, and endleſs joys,
Inceſſantly flow all around,
And nought but praiſe the throng employs.

6 Thrice happy will that mortal be!
Who's counted worthy to obtain;
That unconceiv'd felicity,
Which for God's children doth remain.

HYMN XXII. *Long Metre.*

1 GREAT is our God, on Zion's hill,
Whoſe preſence heav'n and earth doth fill,
And thro' the boundleſs ſpace between,
His wiſdom and his power are ſeen.

2 The whole creation naked lies,
Before God's all-pervading eyes;
His pow'rful hand preſerveth all
Nature, and creatures great and ſmall.

3 He hears the croaking raven's prayers.
And daily food for them prepares;
'Tis by his providential care
That birds are caught, or 'ſcape the ſnare.

4 He who theſe wonders daily ſhews,
And ev'ry year the earth renews;
Cannot but ſtill be more profuſe,
To creatures of more noble uſe.

5 Man, who his maker's image bears,
His choiceſt bleſſings daily ſhares;
For Man, his God, did man become,
And died for ſin in ſinner's room.

6 There's certain proof from heav'n above,
That man's an object of God's love:
He, who for us did ſhed his blood,
Cannot deny the leſſer good.

HYMN XXIII. *Long Metre.* EXOD. 15.

1 WHEN thro' the wat'ry deep of old,
Iſrael had paſt on firmeſt ground,
God's glorious wonders manifold,
With heart and voice they did reſound.

2 *Jehovah* is my Strength, and ſong,
And my ſalvation is become;
He has avenged Iſrael's wrong,
In the Egyptian's final doom.

3 An

3 An habitation I'll prepare,
My God, and their exalt his throne;
My captain he, and man of war,
Whereby my foes are overthrown.

4 Drown'd are their chariots, and their hoſt,
Bury'd beneath the raging waves;
Which clos'd at the Almighty's blaſt,
And thouſands laid in wat'ry graves.

5 The enemy ſaid I'll purſue,
I'll overtake, and ſpoils divide;
My ſword the rebels ſhall deſtroy,
And vengeance gratify my pride.

6 But in the fi'ry trying hour,
Jehovah did his ſtandard rear;
And thro' his window look'd with pow'r,
And fill'd his foes with dread and fear.

7 The winds ariſe the ſurges roll,
And Pharaoh ſeeks retreat in vain;
The ſea o'erwhelms them ev'ry ſoul,
Like lead they ſink, nor riſe again.

HYMN XXIV. *Long Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 AMONGST the Gods, none like to thee,
A God of love, and God of pow'r,
Glorious thy holineſs we ſee?
Thou workeſt wonders ev'ry hour.

2 In

2 In mercy great, with out-ſtretch'd hands,
Thou haſt redeem'd thy choſen ſeed,
From bondage in *Egyptian* lands,
And from the tyrant's yoke them freed.

3 Thy ſtrength ſhall guard them forward ſtill,
Unto an habitation ſure,
On Zion's choſen holy hill;
Thy dwelling place ſhall long endure.

4 Nations remote thy name ſhall hear,
And melt away at thy great pow'r;
The mighty ones ſhall trembling fear,
Nor ſtir, 'till *Iſrael* ſhall paſs o'er.

5 *Iſrael* the purchaſe of our Lord,
Shall to his holy mount aſcend;
According to God's faithful word,
And be his own, world without end.

6 Ev'n Jeſus now in goſpel days,
Shall ſafely guide his choſen ſeed,
To Canaan true, in unknown ways,
And with the bread of life them feed.

HYMN XXV. *Common Metre.*

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

1 WE ſing the awful pleaſing ſcene,
Of our *Immanuel's* pain,
Under *Tiberius Cæſar's* reign,
When he for us was ſlain.

2 Dark

2 Dark was the hour when with his friends,
He eat and drank his laſt;
Diſcourſing calmly of his end,
With deepeſt grief oppreſt.

3 O'erwhelm'd with ſorrows deep, he lay,
In agonizing pain;
In midnight ſhades on bed of clay,
Bedew'd with blood like rain.

4 *Judas* the traitor leads a band,
To where his maſter lays;
And with a kiſs, into their hands
His friend and Lord betrays,

5 To pow'rs of darkneſs led away,
For ſlaughter like a ſheep,
Waiting like evening wolves for prey,
Inſtead of reſt and ſleep.

6 Tell us, the high-prieſt him adjures,
If thou Meſſiah be?
Coming on clouds, Jeſus declares,
Ye ſhall my glory ſee.

7 Blaſphemy this, we need no more,
High time this man ſhould die;
Whoſe arrogance has claim'd the pow'r,
And name of the moſt high.

HYMN XXVI. *Common Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 WITH perjur'd pleas, and forged lies,
Jews to compliance bring
Rome's governor, to ſign (for peace)
Death's warrant for their king;

2 Inſulted by the men of war,
And crown'd with platted thorns,
His face with buffetings they marr,
And wound his ſoul with ſcorns.

3 Clad in ſome royal robe o'er-worn;
And reed for ſceptre giv'n;
They bow the knee to him in ſcorn,
And mock the Lord of heav'n.

4 Nought better treated by the croud:
Was his prophetic claim.
When ſmitten as he blindfold ſtood,
And bid the ſmiter name.

5 Off-ſcouring made of all below,
When to the pillar bound,
And plow'd with furrows deep and raw,
His naked body round.

6 Companion of tranſgreſſors now;
And in their number found;
Bearing their ſins and ſcandals too;
And curſt by all around.

HYMN XXVII. *Common Metre.*

Part third.

1 JESUS on ſhameful croſs was hung,
With freſh and gaping wounds;
His ſoul and body fiercely ſtung,
With nails and helliſh ſounds.

2 As iron runs in furneſs hot;
So pour'd his melting ſoul;
'Till wrath, and curſe, and debt each jot,
Were born, and paid the whole.

3 His mangled bones disjointed ſtare,
While rack'd upon the wood;
And from his ſide wounded with ſpear,
Baptiſed was in blood.

4 But few to weep with him oppreſt,
For ſcorners fill'd the chair;
A bitter cup to quench his thirſt,
The comforters prepare.

5 When void of all humanity,
The croud around appear'd;
Then nature join'd in ſympathy,
And loud her grief declar'd.

6 The trembling earth reels to and fro.
And rocks burſt in ſurpriſe;
Darkens the ſun thro' rueful woe,
Whilſt God of nature dies.

HYMN XXVIII. *Common Metre.*
Part fourth.

1 DEATH'S priſon doors burſt open wide,
And temple's vail in twain
Throughout was rent, whilſt Jeſus dy'd,
And th' enmity was ſlain.

2 " 'Tis finiſh'd " cry'd the man divine,
So own'd th' avenging rod;
Spectators frighten'd with thoſe ſigns,
Confeſs him, ſon of God.

3 Peace then was made by Jeſu's blood,
And he by men confeſt,
A righteous man, the ſon of God,
To make the nations bleſt.

4 God ſaid from the o'erſhadowing cloud,
" He's my beloved ſon; "
And fiends were forc'd to cry aloud,
" Thou art God's holy one. "

5 A Jewiſh thief by ſov'reign grace,
Confeſt him to be Lord;
And ſoldiers of the Gentile race,
Own'd him the ſon of God.

6 Join then in this confeſſion true,
Our Lord was crucify'd;
And ſing the ſong that's ever new,
" The lamb of God hath died. "

HYMN XXIX. *Common Metre.*

1 THRO' one offence, by judgment juſt,
Death long triumphant reign'd,
O'er all the world by law accurſt,
And with their ſins enchain'd.

2 'Twas vain for all creating power,
The monſter to engage;
'Till Jeſus in ſalvation's hour,
A war with him did wage.

3 " O death! he cry'd thy plague I'll be,
" For life is in my name,
" The grave's deſtruction comes by me,
" Who reſurrection am."

4 He who in form of God had been,
Before all worlds began;
In lowly ſervant's form was ſeen,
And faſhion'd as a man.

5 Beneath our crimes in mortal clay,
A ſacrifice he fell;
When ſinful prieſts did Jeſus ſlay:
And doom'd his ſoul to hell.

6 Atonement for our ev'ry crime,
Was made when Jeſus dy'd;
And quenched was the wrath divine,
When he was crucify'd.

7 That

7 That God who left the mangled clay,
A corps upon the tree,
Took it again on the third day,
In immortality:

8 And ſhew'd himſelf unto his friends
Alive, by various ſigns,
'Till he in clouds from them aſcends;
And now in glory ſhines.

HYMN XXX. *Long Metre.*

1 YE children of the living God,
The praiſe and glory of his name;
The purchaſe of Immanuel's blood,
The new creation of the lamb:

2 Lift up your voice, and praiſe the name,
Of him who ſaves a curſed race,
He who by blood and water came,
In dying love and ſov'reign grace.

3 While *Phariſees* do magnify,
Their idol grace, which in them dwells,
Let us behold, and glorify
That grace, which ſaves our ſouls from hell:

4 That grace which in perfection ſhines,
In our *Immanuel's* face, and blood;
A grace which fill'd the man divine,
With all the fulneſs of our God.

5 A grace

5 A grace which drowns th' unnumber'd cries,
Of all the glorious countleſs croud;
Whom God ſhall ſhew, in his own times,
The juſt reward of Jeſu's blood.

6 The fountain rich, whoſe lucid ſtreams,
Throughout the heav'nly garden rove;
And with the ſun's enlivening beams,
Make fruitful all the plants of love.

7 A grace which turns the ſtubborn wills,
And to God's yoke the ſinner draws;
And whilſt the enmity it kills,
Its power conforms us to God's laws.

8 Laws in the mind, which harmonize,
With thoſe which ſacred truth unfolds,
As man in glaſs his image ſpies,
So God his likeneſs here beholds.

HYMN XXXI. *Long Metre.*

1 WHO's this that comes from *Edom's* land?
In glorious garments dy'd with blood;
Majeſtic pace, and mighty hand,
And voice like to the voice of God!

2 'Tis I who ſave in righteouſneſs;
Thus anſwer'd he, who worlds did make,
Then wherefore crimſon is thy dreſs?
Like him who treadeth *Eſchol's* grape.

3 The wine-preſs of God's wrath I trod,
When in loves jealouſy I roſe;
The token of my victory's blood,
Behold! the ſign of vanquiſh'd foes.

4 When for my deareſt ſpouſe I fought,
In darkeſt hour on vengeance day;
In vain for help of man I ſought,
My arm alone did win the day.

5 Now in the church his praiſe I'll ſing,
And loving kindneſs loud proclaim;
Who ſet on Zion's hill her king;
Holy, and rev'rend is his name.

6 She alſo knows, becauſe ſhe's known,
And therefore will my name confeſs,
I'll call her mine, and ſhe ſhall own,
Jeſus her Lord, and righteouſneſs.

HYMN XXXII. *Long Metre.*

1 THE prophet ſaw a living ſtone,
Cut from the mountain without hands:
Jeſus with his eleſt made one,
A king, whoſe kingdom ever ſtands.

2 A kingdom great; from hence aroſe,
Tho' founded in its author's blood;
Breaking to pieces all its foes,
Like potter's ware with iron rod.

3 When

3 When earth, and earthly power are gone,
Like chaff, which from the threshing floor,
By blast of wind away is blown;
This heav'nly kingdom shall endure.

4 Jesus the king on Zion's hill,
This kingdom by his truth maintains;
Fulness of which this earth shall fill,
When his great pow'r he takes and reigns.

5 His subjects are the sons of peace,
Co-heirs with him their living Lord;
His foes are those who would not kiss
His sceptre, nor obey his word.

6 Thy kingdom come, O Lord, we pray,
No longer let thy people groan
In vain, for that redemption's day,
When sorrow's fled, and sighing's gone.

HYMN XXXIII. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW glorious is the sight to see!
A church that's form'd by rule divine;
Where faith and order both agree,
And in their native lustre shine.

2 There living stones unite in one,
And form a temple for the Lord;
Cemented by the truth alone,
To worship the eternal word.

3 One mind, one judgment, one accord,
Can in one body only be
Effected, by God's pow'rful word,
And moulded into unity.

4 They ſtand, when met in Jeſu's name,
Guilty, before a righteous God,
Rejoicing all, in him who came,
To waſh and cleanſe them by his blood.

5 No lordſhip, nor ſuperior claim;
But that which ſov'reign grace beſtows:
The elders ruling in God's name,
And all ſubjected to his laws.

6 The grace of God in doctrine ſhines,
His character to manifeſt;
Join'd with the goſpel diſcipline,
He's ſhewn the merciful and juſt.

7 A church of God that nation is,
Where truth is kept, and judgment given;
Here mercy ſhines with righteouſneſs,
Or elſe in no place under heav'n.

HYMN XXXIV. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW happy is the man who finds
The wiſdom true, which comes from heav'n,
Ev'n Chriſt the Saviour of mankind.
The gift of God for ſinners giv'n.

2 In

2 In him the treaſures lie conceal'd.
Of wiſdom pure, and knowledge true;
Found by the man who buys the field,
Which goſpel holds to human view.

3 The merchandiſe of which, tranſcends,
All riches from the *Indian* ſhore;
Compar'd with wiſdom, ſilver's dung,
And droſs the fineſt golden ore,

4 More precious ſhe, than rubies fine,
Or what the largeſt heart can crave;
In human eyes theſe glitt'ring ſhine,
But cannot from corruption ſave:

5 In her right-hand, fulneſs of days,
Ev'n everlaſting life is found;
And all who find, and keep her ways,
Are from her left, with honours crown'd.

6 Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs;
Where faith, and hope, and love abound,
And in her paths eternal peace,
Is by the heav'nly pilgrims found.

7 A tree of life, whoſe healing leaves,
Are cure, for ſin's moſt deadly wound;
Happy the man, who to her cleaves,
As ivy claſps the oak around.

HYMN XXXV. *Long Metre.*

1 LISTEN the cry, ye ſon's of men,
Which wiſdom utters in your ſtreets;
Ye ſimple hear, ſhe calls again,
At ev'ry op'ning of your gates.

2 I lead in ways of righteouſneſs,
And all my paths are judgment pure;
And with ſubſtantial pleaſures bleſs,
My friends; which evermore endure.

3 As the BEGINNING; or GOD'S WAY,
I by *Jehovah* was poſſeſt;
The cauſe of cauſes, and always
Did in the father's boſom reſt.

4 In everlaſting purpoſe I,
As mediator was ordain'd;
Before the ſtars adorn'd the ſky,
Or mountains were in order rang'd.

5 I was in the eternal mind,
Brought forth as God's beloved ſon;
Before the orbs of light had ſhin'd,
Or fleeting time its race begun.

6 When God the heav'ns did firſt prepare,
And to the waters gave command;
As agent chief, I then was there;
(For all conſiſt by Jeſu's hand.)

7 God's

7 God's fellow, when become God-man;
Still as one brought up in his ſight,
To work redemption's nobler plan,
And daily was his chief delight.

8 Creation's works, him pleaſure gave,
And were pronounced very good;
With views in God's due time to have,
A new creation thro' my blood.

9 Hence my delights have ever been,
Among the ſons of men below;
And all who have my glory ſeen,
That Chriſt, and wiſdom's one will know.

HYMN XXXVI. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW glorious is that myſtery,
Of God incarnate on the tree!
Where glory human, and divine,
In full perfection meet and ſhine.

2 'Twas then the name to *Moſes* giv'n,
Revealed was in earth and heav'n;
Angels and men beheld their God
With wonder, cloath'd in fleſh and blood.

3 Here God's perfections all did ſhine,
In Jeſus Chriſt the man divine;
Love ſtreaming forth in heav'nly blood,
Gave proof it was the love of God.

4 Juſtice in burning flame was ſeen,
When Jeſus Chriſt was cruſh'd between
The ſin of man, and wrath of God,
When he alone the wine-preſs trod.

5 But mercy did with wrath appear,
Mercy of God which bringeth near,
The worthleſs objects of mankind;
Eternal life in him to find.

6 Truth here ſhines forth in its own dreſs,
In Chriſt the Lord our righteouſneſs;
He is the true born Chriſtian's God,
And life eternal's thro' his blood.

HYMN XXXVII. *Long Metre.*

1 YE ſervants of the living God,
Whoſe faith is in the Saviour's blood,
In him our God let us rejoice,
And him confeſs with heart and voice.

2 Our kinſman near thro' fleſh and blood,
Altho' he was in form of God;
And did not think it robbery,
With his great Father *One* to be.

3 He in a ſervant's form was ſlain,
Us to redeem from ſin and pain;
The Alpha, and Omega too,
To whom at laſt all knees ſhall bow.

4 Keep us dear Lord by mighty pow'r,
From fainting in temptation's hour,
In evil days, may we be found,
With truth divine, begirt around.

5 If ſpirits ſtrange, and wild ariſe,
And in hypocriſy ſpeak lies;
If brother ſhall betray his friend,
May we endure unto the end.

6 And having done what God enjoins,
Still may we ſtand with girded loins;
Waiting upon his further will,
To go, or ſtay, be ready ſtill.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

1 COME brethren, let us join to ſing,
Of that moſt glorious grace;
Which doth complete redemption bring,
Unto our fallen race.

2 Free ſov'reign grace a gift beſtows,
Superiour to our woe;
And while man's wretchedneſs it ſhows,
It fully ſaves him too.

3 The gift was equal to God's love;
Nor can it fathom'd be,
In depth below, or height above,
Throughout eternity.

4 No human nor angelic mind,
Can fully comprehend,
God's loving-kindneſs to mankind,
In Chriſt, the ſinner's friend.

5 The myſt'ry unto human eyes,
Appear'd like op'ning day;
When life eternal did diſguiſe,
It ſelf in mortal clay.

6 Great was th' humility of God,
And deep his poverty;
While love unſpeakable in blood,
Appear'd on Calvary.

7 The price infinite then was paid,
For God's own church in blood;
When Jeſu's dying lips declar'd,
" 'Tis finiſh'd, O my God! "

HYMN XXXIX. *Common Metre.*

1 OF David who was type of Chriſt,
Jehovah did declare,
I've found the man of my own heart,
To rule my holy fear.

2 My mercies ſure, and ſov'reign will,
To him I will make known;
And he my counſels ſhall fulfill,
And typify my ſon.

3 He

3 He in his generation rul'd
The worſhip of the Lord;
And with ſucceſs his battles fought,
And conquer'd by his ſword.

4 But ſin at laſt lull'd him aſleep,
And brought him to the duſt,
Whoſe bonds the warrier could not break,
Corruption held him faſt.

5 But from his ſeed a prince appears,
Both his own ſon and Lord,
To rule God's worſhip ev'ry where
By his own ſp'rit and word.

6 This is the man of God's delight,
Who glorify'd his name;
And by his pow'r and glorious might,
His enemies o'ercame.

7 For death the laſt of all man's foes,
Was by this David ſlain;
By fatal never healing blow,
When Jeſus roſe again.

HYMN XL.

1 JESUS, our God on high,
Who rides upon the ſky
On wings of wind:
We join to praiſe thy name,
Who bore our ſin and ſhame,
When thou for us became,
A Saviour kind.

2 Thou Lord haſt made us all,
Before thy face, we fall
In holy ſhame:
We duſt, and aſhes are,
Nor ought can calm our fear,
When we to God draw near,
But Jeſu's name.

3 Thy wonders manifold,
As by thy ſervants told,
In antient days;
Thy greatneſs did proclaim,
And ſtill thou art the ſame,
Moſt holy is thy name,
Now and always.

4 Let now thy kingdom come;
Thou who diſt bear our doom,
On ſhameful tree:
But roſe again with pow'r,
A mighty conqueror;
To reign for evermore,
In majeſty.

5 Now gird on thee thy ſword,
Thou all victorious Lord,
And take the field;
And make the kingdoms all,
Beneath thy footſtool fall,
Owning the Lord of all,
And tribute yield.

6 Then ſhall thy ſubjects ſing;
Rejoicing in their king,
And cry aloud;
Worthy is he to reign,
Who was for ſinners ſlain,
But roſe from grave again,
Almighty God.

HYMN XLI. *Long Metre.*

1 YE children of the living God,
Diſperſed thro' the world abroad,
Join all in ſweet harmonious lays,
To ſing *Immanuel's* nobleſt praiſe.

2 The church of the firſt-born above,
In raptures of ne'er dying love,
Cry, worthy is the lamb once ſlain,
To live for evermore, and reign.

3 Bleſſing and power to him belong,
Honour and praiſe, by ev'ry tongue
Be to him given, who made us all,
With every creature great and ſmall:

4 For him they all created were,
And by him all conſiſting are;
And in their order ſhall remain,
Till he let go the binding chain.

5 Nor

5 Nor ſhall he faint, nor fail his arm,
Till a new earth, of nobler form;
And a new heav'n created be,
To ſtand throughout eternity.

6 With city which foundation has,
Upon an everlaſting baſe;
Wherein dwells perfect righteouſneſs;
And ſaints the kingdom ſhall poſſeſs.

HYMN XLII. *Long Metre.*

1 HEAR holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thy children's pray'r in Jeſu's name,
Nor let thy ſervants be abhor'd,
Tho' cover'd o'er with ſin and ſhame.

2 We own ourſelves tranſgreſſors all,
Of thy moſt holy righteous law;
Ten thouſand times from grace we fall,
Nor do good works without a flaw.

3 Our conduct with the ſons of men,
Is far from Jeſu's golden rule;
" What ye would others, do to them,
" Nor call in wrath your brother fool. "

4 And if before a mortal's eye,
Or in our moral conduct we,
So many imperfections ſpy,
What thouſands more our God can ſee.

5 'Tis true, we call Jeſus our Lord,
And with our tongues him ſov'reign own;
But how we diſregard his word,
In various ways is by him known.

6 Where his commands our fleſh oppoſe;
Inſtead of free obedience giv'n;
We labour in perverting thoſe,
By wiſdom which is not from heav'n.

7 The wiſdom of the fleſh prevails,
Againſt the wiſdom from above;
And partial weights oft turn the ſcales,
From pure, to mixt and feigned love.

8 Mercy good Lord, mercy we aſk,
This is the full' and total ſum;
For mercy Lord is all our ſuit,
Lord let thy grace and mercy come.

HYMN XLIII. *Long Metre.*

A FUNERAL HYMN.

1 FIRM as a rock, God's word doth ſtand,
Thro' every age, and ev'ry land;
Mercy and judgment, him proclaim,
To-day, and yeſterday the ſame.

2 Whilſt man obey'd his maker's will,
The peace of God his ſoul did fill,
And lordſhip unto him was giv'n,
O'er ev'ry creature under heav'n.

3 But

3 But when he thro' temptation fell,
And did againſt his God rebel;
Pow'rful and true God's word he found,
Inflicting curſe, on him and ground.

4 Duſt art thou man, and ſhalt return
To duſt, of which thou haſt been born;
Death is the juſt reward of ſin,
And ſhall thro' thy trangreſſion reign.

5 Thus ſpake the Lord, whoſe word endures,
And curſe and death to all ſecures;
The corps which now before us lie,
Is proof of man's mortality.

6 But let us mourn in lively hope,
That Jeſus will our friend raiſe up,
To glorious immortality,
And ſwallow death in victory.

HYMN XLIV. *Long Metre.*

1 WHILST angels ſing their maker's praiſe,
In ſongs more pure than mortal lays;
Let us the heav'nly chorus join,
And praiſe the man who is divine.

2 With faces vail'd, continually,
They holy, holy, holy cry;
O Lord of hoſts thy glories ſhine,
Thro' earth, and heav'n with blaze divine.

3 A ſolemn

3 A ſolemn charge of old was giv'n,
To all in earth, and all in heav'n;
To worſhip him who fleſh became,
And bow the knee at Jeſu's name.

4 Worthy the lamb we ſinners ſing,
Who did for us ſalvation bring;
The angels cry, he did us chuſe,
To be the ſervants of his ſpouſe;

5 Us he confirm'd in holineſs,
But waſh'd you in his blood thro' grace;
We both agree to worſhip him.
Who is, and was, and is to come.

6 Worthy is he to live and reign,
Who once on Calv'ry's hill was ſlain;
Angels and ſaints both join the ſong,
Salvation doth to him belong.

HYMN XLV. *Common Metre.*

AT THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 DEAR brethren ſeated now around,
The table of our God;
Let faith, and love, and joy abound,
Thro' Jeſu's fleſh and blood.

2 Now call to mind that awful night,
When Jeſus with his friends;
Sat down to eat in woful plight,
Thro' his approaching end.

3 Into his hands he took the bread,
And bleſt, and brake, and gave:
" This is my body, Jeſus ſaid,
" Now broken you to ſave."

4 The cup likewiſe into his hands,
He took, and bleſt the ſame;
Drink ye of this, ſaid, he my friends;
Rememb'ring of my name.

5 The teſtament which ſhall endure,
Now in my blood you ſee;
" For ſin's remiſſion" firm and ſure,
To all eternity.

6 This is the bread which comes from heav'n,
The true life giving food;
Thro' which eternal life is giv'n,
By Jeſu's fleſh and blood.

7 Who lives by faith upon the ſame,
Shall never, never die,
But from the grave be rais'd again,
To immortality.

HYMN XLVI *Common Metre.*

1 THAT grace which gave God's only ſon,
Was likewiſe to us giv'n
In Chriſt our head, e'er time began,
Or there was earth or heav'n.

2 When

2 When human fleſh the word was made,
It was the father's will,
That truth in him ſhould be diſplay'd
And grace in fulneſs dwell.

3 We'll know, nor think of other grace,
Thro' which our God doth bleſs;
But that which ſhines in Jeſu's face,
And reigns thro' righteouſneſs.

4 "My grace, not thine, ſufficient is"
Jeſus to Paul did cry;
"Not ſome in thee, but all in me,
"Can all thy wants ſupply."

5 In goſpel word is now beheld,
As thro' tranſparent glaſs,
By faith in Chriſt, with face unveil'd,
God's glory and his grace.

6 Thro' which from grace to glory bright,
God's people chang'd ſhall be;
And with the nations walk in light,
Who his ſalvation ſee.

HYMN XLVII. *Long Metre.*

HOW pleaſant here below to ſee,
A little choſen family,
Call'd from the world, and worſhip vain,
And by the goſpel born again.

2 Together brought by cords of love,
To liſp the ſong of thoſe above;
Who all, in the one faith agree,
To walk in goſpel unity.

3 No one can worth or merit boaſt,
For which he by the Lord is bleſt:
The vales are rais'd, the hills made low,
That God on all might mercy ſhow.

4 They're ſcreen'd from horror and deſpair,
By the ſweet voice of blood they hear,
Which gives them boldneſs to draw nigh,
And on their God in faith to cry.

5 One common hope they all poſſeſs,
Built on one perfect righteouſneſs,
Thro' which that glorious morn appears,
When God ſhall wipe away their tears.

6 Their love to one another flows,
From the ſame truth which burns and glows,
In ev'ry heart, and thence proceeds,
To ſhew it ſelf, in words and deeds.

HYMN XLVIII. *Long Metre.*

1 YE ſervants of the living Lord,
The vict'ries of your king record;
How when he fell his foes were ſlain,
How he in triumph roſe again.

2 When

2 When on the croſs his blood was ſhed,
Captivity he captive led,
Attonement full, for ſin he made,
And all the curſe on him was laid.

3 Beneath the load he groans and dies,
Whoſe pow'r upholds the ſtarry ſkies,
And weighs the maſſy rocks and hills,
And lofty mountains in his ſcales.

4 Ten thouſand thanks to him we owe,
Who us to ſave from endleſs woe;
Laid down his life, and gave his blood,
To make us kings, and prieſts to God.

5 He who did lead his flock of old
Thro' deſerts wild to Canaan's land;
Can now thro' dangers manifold,
Lead unto heav'n, by mighty hand:

6 Nor will he faint tho' rough the road,
Which thro' this howling wilderneſs;
Leads to the city of our God,
And glorious crown of righteouſneſs.

7 The lambs he'll in his boſom lay,
And gently lead the weary ſoul;
And that fetch back which runs aſtray;
And lead, and feed, and ſave the whole.

HYMN XLIX. *Long Metre.*

1 WE ſing of that redemption great,
Which is eternal and complete;
Wrought out by Chriſt the ſon of God,
And finiſh'd by the price of blood.

2 Redemption ever doth imply,
Inſolvent debt or ſlavery;
Thus *Iſrael* when in *Egypt's* land,
Groan'd under cruel *Pharaoh's* hand.

3 'Twas then the Lord did *Moſes* call
The tribes to reſcue from their thrall;
And by a mighty out-ſtretch'd hand
Them ſafely brought to *Canaan's* land.

4 But after many days and years,
Th' eternal word in fleſh appears;
Angels, and men beheld their God,
Wrapt in the robes of fleſh and blood.

5 Sent to redeem thro' ſov'reign grace,
The choſen ſeed of Abr'am's race;
A ſeed more countleſs than heav'n's hoſts,
Or ſands that ſtrew the deſart coaſts.

6 This was the world he ſav'd from hell,
For which, a ſpotleſs lamb he fell;
And with his laſt expiring breath,
Tranſgreſſions finiſh'd thro' his death.

HYMN

HYMN L. *Long Metre:*

1 SING praiſes in exalted ſtrains,
To him, who by his pow'rful word,
Made all from nothing; and ſuſtains
The whole creation of the Lord.

2 Praiſe him who reign'd in worlds of light,
E'er time its rapid courſe began:
He ſpoke, and at his word of might,
The ſtars their race in order ran.

3 The wat'ry depths, at his command,
Roll'd into heaps, and firmly ſtood;
Nor dare they break their bars of ſand,
Aw'd by th' Almighty word of God.

4 The earth's great globe, with all the hoſts,
Of radient worlds that fill the ſky;
Like grains of ſand on ocean's coaſt,
Appear to their creator's eye.

5 How ſure a ground for faith is here;
The word of this creating God;
And that he's ſtrong his works declare.
To ſave the purchaſe of his blood.

6 'Twas he who made this univerſe,
And form'd its order as we ſee;
Who bore his people's dreadful curſe,
When he expir'd upon the tree.

HYMN LI. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW ſhall a ſinful man appear,
Before the living God moſt high?
What ſhall ſuffice to drown his fear?
And give him boldneſs to draw nigh.

2 Can works of righteouſneſs avail.
As mercy, truth, and equity?
No! theſe when weigh'd in God's juſt ſcale,
Are found as light as vanity.

3 " Yes cries the truth our righteouſneſs,
" As filthy rags we freely own; "
The language of God's law no leſs
Declares, none righteous, no not one.

4 Can pray'rs with penitential tears,
Richly perfum'd God's peace obtain?
No! theſe are bablings in his ears,
And floods of ſorrow flow in vain.

5 Be perfect as God's law requires,
And ſatisfaction make for ſin,
Or nought remains but endleſs fires
To puniſh the offenders in.

6 Dreadful man's ſituation is,
While welt'ring in his blood he lies:
No ground of hope for life and bliſs,
But in the bleeding ſacrifice.

7 The

7 The wrath of God is drown'd herein;
A ground of hope confirmed ſure?
An end for ever made of ſin,
Whilſt Chriſt and righteouſneſs endure.

HYMN LII. *Long Metre.*

1 ONE Lord one righteouſneſs we ſing,
Which thro' one faith doth glory bring,
To ſinners great, of every land;
Now publiſh'd by divine command.

2 Jeſus the Lord our righteouſneſs,
In ſongs of praiſe our tongues ſhall bleſs;
Who laid his majeſty aſide,
And for our ſins was crucify'd.

3 Inveſted now with ſov'reign pow'r,
He dwells on high and rules all o'er;
From radient worlds, where angels dwell,
Down to the ſhades of darkeſt hell.

4 Thoſe chant his praiſe in blazing light,
Fiends tremble in eternal night;
The ſaints with wonder view their king,
And grace, and blood, and glory ſing.

5 His works declare his matchleſs pow'r,
His wiſdom ſhines the world all o'er:
But brighter in redemption's plan,
In ſaving loſt, and fallen man.

6 This

6 This is the maſter-piece of God,
Where wiſdom manifold is ſhow'd;
Which will for praiſe, and wonder be,
A ſubject thro' eternity.

HYMN LIII. *Short Metre.*

1 TO us a child is born,
To us a ſon is giv'n,
Laid in a manger all forlorn;
Tho' Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 Cloath'd with our fleſh and blood,
In tender infant's form,
We now behold th' eſſential God;
In weakneſs like a worm.

3 Angels aſtoniſh'd ſtand,
And gaze with wond'ring eye,
Upon their God, in ſwathing bands,
And deepeſt poverty.

4 He is the likeneſs true,
Of God inviſible;
In him, we all the glories view,
That in the father dwell.

5 He, who of earth and ſeas,
The ſure foundation laid,
Reſts now an infant on the knees,
Of woman, whom he made.

6 Let

6 Let Zion's daughter ſing,
His praiſe in higheſt ſtrains;
Who did ſalvation to her bring,
And waſh'd away her ſtains.

7 Yea ſhout, with one accord,
To the great one, and three,
The holy! holy! holy Lord!
Praiſe to eternity.

HYMN LIV.

1 WE praiſe the Saviour of mankind,
Whoſe love is ever new,
Compaſſion fills his boundleſs mind,
Who is the faithful and the true:
The Lord of earth and ſky,
Who did for ſinners die.

2 He, who in form of God had been,
Before all worlds began,
In lowly ſervants form was ſeen,
And found in faſhion of a man;
And in the likeneſs too
Of ſinful fleſh below.

3 Thro' all his actions love appear'd,
While he ſojourned here;
No voice like thunder loud was heard,
To fill the ſinner's mind with fear;
But pity all divine,
In all his ways did ſhine.

4 The

4 The mother following to the grave,
With tears her only ſon;
Found Jeſu's willing pow'r to ſave,
When ev'ry hope of help was gone;
He fill'd the mourning ſoul,
With joy unſpeakable.

5 The guilty ſinners heard his voice,
In words and looks of grace;
Which made the broken bones rejoice,
And leap for joy, and ſound his praiſe
Thro' wond'ring crouds around,
When they ſalvation found.

6 Tho' now in heav'n, his love's the ſame,
Nor can it changed be;
To-day and yeſterday his name
Is love, and to eternity:
He'll be the ſinner's friend,
To ages without end.

HYMN LV.

1 BRETHREN let us praiſe the Lord,
Who made the earth and ſkies;
Jeſus the eternal word,
Who hears his people's cries:
He alone the wine-preſs trod,
Of his own father's fierceſt wrath;
When in garments dipt in blood,
He conquer'd thro' his death.

2 This is he whoſe goings forth,
From days of old have been;
Lord of everlaſting worth;
Who was incarnate ſeen:
God with God, and man with man,
Surpris'd! I'own him th' *Wonderful*;
Myſt'ry of redemption's plan,
Lies in *Immanuel*.

3 Nature's two, but perſon one,
Immanuel God with us;
This a name to all unknown,
But him who bruiſed was:
Human nature not made God;
Nor the divine humanify'd,
Both united in one Lord;
The God, the man who dy'd.

4 Hereby comes a righteouſneſs,
Not human but divine;
This the church's wedding dreſs,
More white than linen fine;
Here is likewiſe found the price,
Which once did buy the church of God;
Everlaſting ſacrifice,
Of Jeſu's fleſh and blood.

HYMN LVI.

1 ALL ye followers of the lamb,
Whoſe blood for you was ſhed;
Him confeſs the great "I AM"
Who liveth and was dead:
Hark! how the Centurion cries,
While guarding of the croſs he ſtood,
"Sure this righteous man who dies
"Is truly ſon of God."

2 God; or elſe his righteouſneſs
Of hope could be no ground;
Creatures of the higheſt bliſs,
However righteous found,
Cannot give one drop of blood,
Becauſe their life is not their own;
If they part with any good,
Their happineſs is gone.

3 Hear, the thief confeſs him Lord,
And own he had the pow'r,
Sin to pardon by his word,
And kingdoms to confer:
Thieves and heathens both declare,
When dying his divinity;
Nature trembling quakes with fear,
To ſee its maker die.

4 God

4 God hath ſpoke it in his word,
He, who his fellow was;
Dy'd by his vindictive ſword,
A victim on the croſs;
This our faith, thro' God's own word,
Unto our dying moments be,
And hereafter ſhout him Lord,
Throughout eternity.

HYMN LVII. *Common Metre.*

1 NOW ſay my ſoul, what is the ground,
Thy hope doth reſt upon;
Some motions good within thee found,
Or ſome good ſervice done.

2 Some *Bethel* viſit once receiv'd,
Some comfort long ago;
Or elſe ſome word of man believ'd,
From which thy comforts flow.

3 Not one, nor all of theſe can give,
Thee, true ſubſtantial bliſs;
They may thee pleaſe, but not relieve,
When troubles do oppreſs.

4 Like to the clouds, or morning dew,
Which vaniſh with the ſun;
Such are the hopes which only flow,
From what is felt or done.

5 The

5 The law cries do, and do again,
Or elſe no life obtain,
This to the unbelieving mind,
Creates tormenting pain.

6 Until the record is believ'd,
Which God gave of his ſon,
Crying in him "I am well pleas'd,"
For he the work has done.

7 My holy law he magnify'd,
Thro' an obedience giv'n;
He has my juſtice ſatisfy'd,
When judgment fell from heav'n.

8 This, this, my ſoul's the reſting place,
For ſinners curſt by law;
For life, and pardon, peace, and grace,
From the atonement flow.

HYMN LVIII. *Common Metre.*

1 AFTER offence by ſin was giv'n,
To God the ruler juſt;
The grand enquiry then began,
How ſhall vile man be bleſt.

2 How now, before his God appear?
What work will he require;
Or prayers, with penitential tears,
To ſave from *Topbet's* fire.

3 Among

3 Among the Jews in days of old,
If man offended man;
The human judges cou'd have told,
How high the treſpaſs ran:

4 But now againſt a righteous God,
Treſpaſs by creatures giv'n;
Can only have its evil ſhow'd,
From laws which come from heav'n.

5 Not rams, nor lambs, nor human blood,
Could expiation make;
Until a prieſt came forth from God,
Our fleſh and blood to take.

6 Jeſus the great Melchiſedec,
Who on his forehead wears;
The ſacred name of *holy Lord*,
And now for us appears.

7 Within the ſacred vail above,
Where mercy blazing ſhines;
In beams of everlaſting love,
Thro' blood which is divine.

HYMN LIX. *Common Metre.*

1 ONCE fell on Chriſt, the lot of God,
Which doomed him to death;
For nothing ſhort of ſov'reign blood,
Could ſave from divine wrath.

Immanuel went without the gate,
Bearing the ſhameful wood;
Much harder his, than Iſaac's fate;
No voice, but that of blood.

2 Loadened with our curſe and ſin,
He ſtood among the croud;
Blaſphemer called by the men,
Who made their boaſt of God.
Much viler than the dying goat,
Jeſus to men appear'd,
When ſtain'd with blood his ſeamleſs coat,
And with their ſpittle ſmear'd.

3 Oh! how tremendous were thoſe hours!
When Jeſus poured forth;
His blood divine in gracious ſhowers,
Of everlaſting worth.
Humbled the ſon of God to duſt,
When prieſt for people dy'd:
Then God the merciful and juſt,
Was fully glorify'd.

4 But long the grave not him contain'd,
Tho' watch'd, and ſeal'd the ſtone;
For ſoon among his living friends,
He ſtands with fleſh and bone,
And peace with lifted hands proclaims,
And bleſſing them aſcends
Unto his throne; and there remains,
An everlaſting friend.

HYMN

HYMN LX. *Common Metre.*

1 SWEET incenſe pure from Aaron's hands,
Perfum'd the holy place;
But Jeſus our high prieſt now ſtands,
A prieſt, before God's face;
To reconcile the heav'n of heav'ns,
With his own precious blood;
Whereby we now have acceſs giv'n
Unto the throne of God.

2 How oft did Iſrael longing wait,
In awful, holy fear
Standing, without the temple gate,
To ſee their prieſt appear;
Moſt anxiouſly concern'd to know,
If God with them was pleas'd;
And his returning ſafe did ſhow,
The wrath of God appeas'd.

3 Chriſt's reſurection now declares,
That peace on earth is giv'n;
And the ſent Holy-ghoſt aſſures,
His welcome into heav'n.
Shall not we then, with longing wait,
To ſee our prieſt appear,
From out the heav'nly temple's gate,
To fetch his children there.

4 May we now ſtand with girded loins,
And burning lamps in hands;
God's truth poſſeſſing in our reins,
Waiting in God's commands:

Ready to hear the midnight cry,
With joy for to attend;
The marriage of the lamb on high,
And banquet without end.

HYMN LXI. *Common Metre.*

1 THOU ſon of God, regard the cry,
Of a vile and ſinful train;
And let thy blood ſtill bring thoſe nigh,
Who ſtray, and ſtray again.

2 Who can expreſs how deep that ſtain,
Which did by man come in;
All human words cannot explain,
The deadly plague of ſin.

3 Corruption lies within the heart,
Like ſubtleſt poiſon there;
From thence corrupting ev'ry part,
Like an infectious air.

4 Both ſoul and body are defil'd,
By ſinful leproſy;
Which cleaves unto the new-born child,
And dooms the ſame to die.

5 But goſpel tidings doth diſplay,
Thoſe bleſt and heav'nly ſtreams;
Whoſe healing virtues waſh away,
The leprous ſpots and ſtains.

6 'Tis

6 'Tis faith in Jeſu's precious blood,
Which purifies the ſoul;
This is the pool prepar'd by God,
To cleanſe the lepers foul.

HYMN LXII. *Common Metre.*

1 VAIN are all the attempts of man,
To waſh the ſinner clean;
For ſtrife increaſeth but his pain,
And more provokes his ſin.

2 The leopard ſpots will ſtill remain,
His goodneſs like the dew;
And hopes from ſelf will all prove vain,
And end in grief, and woe.

3 Jeſus alone can us relieve,
Who has redemption gain'd;
Whene'er a ſoul on him believes,
Eternal life's obtain'd.

4 Life; not by working, but thro' faith,
Which is the gift of God;
Faith in his righteouſneſs, and death,
Or meritorious blood.

5 Let ev'ry other name and means,
By us ſtill be deſpis'd;
Altho' they goſpel-like ſhould ſeem,
Or be therewith diſguis'd.

6 May we ſtill hold that faithful word,
Which teſtifies Chriſt's death;
And him confeſs our ſov'reign Lord,
Ev'n with our lateſt breath.

HYMN LXIII.

1 WHEN the due time had taken place.
God's promiſe to fulfil;
Behold I come the Saviour ſaith,
Father, to do thy will.
All mortal off'rings are but vain,
Tho' flocks and herds expire;
Both ſin and guilt do ſtill remain.
And God's conſuming fire.

2 How happy was the virgin's lot,
When *Gabriel* did deſcend;
And unto her the tidings brought,
So joyful to mankind.
How ſhe a virgin ſhould bring forth,
The man, the Lord of hoſts;
A thing unknown thro' all the earth,
And ſtrange in Judah's coaſts.

3 How God a body did prepare,
By overſhadowing pow'r;
And did that holy thing declare,
His ſon in that ſame hour.
Fruit of the womb, from David's loins,
From ſtains intailed free;
And God the word eternal joins,
This pure humanity.

4 Then

4 Then every crime of ours was laid,
Upon this man divine;
And he the debt infinite paid,
When ſun refus'd to ſhine.
And by his bloody ſacrifice,
God's anger is no more;
For Jeſu's blood which mercy cries,
Prevents his frowning more.

HYMN LXIV. *Common Metre.*

1 WHEN *Jacob* left his father's houſe,
And ſojourner became;
He patiently took up his croſs,
And truſted in God's name.

2 Quite weary at the cloſe of light
He lay contented down;
His curtains were the ſhades of night,
And pillow but a ſtone.

3 He ſaw, in viſions of the night,
When all were huſh'd around;
A *ladder* reach the realms of light,
But ſtanding on the ground.

4 Angels in throngs the ſteps frequent,
And up with active tread;
Unweary'd climb the ſteep aſcent,
To God their loving head.

5 I am thy father's God he cries,
And thine will alſo be;
And all the land which round thee lies,
I freely give to thee.

6 Where thou ſojourns from place to place,
Thy keeper I will be;
And nations all ſhall know my grace,
In thy poſterity.

7 Thus did *Jehovah* correſpond,
With his dear ſaints of old;
Ane led them to their promis'd end,
Thro' dangers manifold.

8 In patience let us follow them,
Who now in Jeſus reſt:
Within the new *Jeruſalem*,
And are for ever bleſt.

HYMN LXV.

1 ARISE, O Zion, riſe,
And ſhake thyſelf from duſt;
Thy God above the ſkies,
As merciful and juſt;
He lives within the vail above,
And reſts in his redeeming love,

2 The

2 The voice of blood ſtill cries,
" Father forgive thine own,
" Think on the ſacrifice,"
Of thy beloved ſon;
Nor let the purchaſe of his blood;
Be ever baniſhed from God.

3 Fear not worm, Jacob; ſtill
Thy cauſe is in hands,
Who lives on Zion's hill,
And for thee pleading ſtands:
Who can condemn, the lamb has dy'd,
But roſe for ever juſtify'd.

4 Engraved is thy name,
Upon his royal breaſt,
And on his hands the ſame,
As by himſelf confeſt:
Say not that I forgetten am,
Or dy'd in vain for me the lamb.

5 Mothers may cruel prove,
To their own fleſh and blood,
But everlaſting love,
Dwells with the ſon of God;
His name is love, and always one,
To all of his own fleſh and bone.

6 The mountains may depart,
And hills removed be;
But Jeſu's loving heart,
Can never changed be;
To-day, and yeſterday the ſame,
The great unchangable I AM.

7 On Jeſu's ſpotleſs ſoul,
The father's wrath once fell,
When he in blood did roll,
Beneath the pow'rs of hell;
The frowns are gone, the wrath is o'er
The father hides his face no more.

8 Jeſus for ever now,
Enjoys the ſmiles of God;
His peace like rivers flow,
To Zion thro' his blood;
And while ſhe truſts in his dear name,
She taſtes a meaſure of the ſame.

9 And when her toils are o'er,
She ſhall behold his face,
And ſorrow know no more,
But reſt with him in peace;
And in the Saviour's love poſſeſs,
The crown of life, and righteouſneſs.

HYMN LXVI. *Short Metre.*

CHRIST THE REDEEMER AND JUDGE OF THE WORLD.

1 WE join his praiſe to ſing,
Who found us in our blood;
And lov'd and waſh'd us from our ſins,
And made us prieſts to God.

2 Behold!

2 Behold! on clouds he comes;
And every eye ſhall ſee
The man, who bore the ſinner's doom,
Upon mount Calvary.

3 The nations who deſpis'd,
The Saviour in their day;
Shall weep and wail with bitter cries,
When nature melts away.

4 The man of ſorrow then,
In his own glory great,
Shall ſummons all the ſons of men,
Before his judgment ſeat.

5 He who rejected was,
In ſervant's form below,
When he with ſinners on the croſs,
His ſacred head did bow.

6 Shall then his pow'r diſplay,
Towards both friend and foe;
Thoſe lead to everlaſting day,
Theſe drive to endleſs woe.

HYMN LXVII. *Common Metre.*

DEATH AND GLORY.

1 LORD God of hoſts be thou my aid,
Thy righteouſneſs my ſtay,
When death in all its terrors clad,
Aſſaults this feeble clay.

2 And

2 And may thoſe ſweet immortal joys,
The juſt reward of blood,
Beam down into my feeble eyes,
And make me long for God:

3 And when I quit this houſe of clay,
Receive me in thy arms,
And bear me to the realms of day,
To view my Saviour's charms.

4 Then will I join the ranſom'd throng,
And ſing redeeming grace,
A vaſt eternity along,
Before the Saviour's face.

5 There unknown glories I ſhall ſee,
And riches which excel,
What we have ſeen with mortal eye,
Or human tongue can tell.

6 The glories of that bliſsful realm,
All human thought tranſcend;
Which at th' appearing of the lamb,
He'll give unto his friends.

HYMN LXVIII. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW ſhall vile man his maker meet,
Or ſtand before his piercing eye?
How view with joy the judgment ſeat?
When the ſhrill trumpet rends the ſky.

2 Shall

2 Shall he his fancy'd merit plead,
The pomp of kings, their pride, or power?
Shall he ſelf-plum'd by works ſucceed,
Or ſtand the great deciſive hour?

3 Shall faith, repentance, hope or love,
Rivers of tears, or ſeas of blood,
Purchaſe one ſingle ſeat above?
Or bring one fallen ſoul to God?

4 Shall man his ſinleſs heart alledge?
And thus avert his makers ire;
Or give the mother's tend'reſt pledge,
To ſave his ſinking ſoul from fire?

5 Or ſay, if conſcious of thy ſin,
Doſt thou a partial Saviour own?
And dream eternal life to win,
Tho' Chriſt, and ſelf divide the crown.

6 Sinner, each way thy toil is vain,
An empty dream a fruitleſs ſtrife;
None did by ſtrength the throne obtain,
But Chriſt alone, the Lord of life.

7 Was proud apoſtate man to gain
The glorious prize? then fleſh might boaſt,
The creature might his God diſdain,
And every ranſom'd ſoul be loſt.

8 Down then let tow'ring *Babel* fall;
Adore, and laud thy Saviour God,
Rejoice that Chriſt has finiſh'd all,
And reconcil'd us by his blood.

HYMN LXIX. *Long Metre.* MICHAH Chap. ii.

1 REJOICE and ſing ye ſons of grace,
For Jeſus your Almighty God;
Now hath redeemed his loſt race,
The bleſſed puchaſe of his blood.

2 Jeſus your ſurety now is come,
Vail'd in a mantle of weak clay,
And life eternal he has won,
And ſoon his glory will diſplay.

3 The *breaker* is gone up on high,
Thro' legions of enraged foes;
His ſeed ſhall likewiſe mount the ſky,
Altho' hell's armies ſtill oppoſe.

4 Clear was his life, from ſtain or flaw,
And that he might his people free;
He magnify'd the broken law,
And curſe exhauſted on the tree.

5 Then plead no merit, but his blood,
Nor work, but what himſelf has done;
A new and living way to God,
Is conſecrated thro' his ſon.

6 Be

6 Be this thy confidence and boaſt,
Thy comfort, glory, and thy crown;
For all who now in Jeſus truſt,
He never, never will diſown.

7 Fear not worm Jacob then, but come,
Secure he will his Iſrael keep;
And *Jew* and *Gentile* will bring home,
Tho' helpleſs they as *Bozrah's* ſheep.

HYMN LXX.

1 YE drooping ſaints no more be ſad,
Lift up your hearts, rejoice, be glad;
The Lord your Saviour reigns:
Behold him crown'd with glory ſit,
With thouſand thouſands at his feet,
Gladd'ning the happy plains.

2 Tho' ſatan rage, and hell oppoſe,
Yet Jeſus will o'ercome his foes,
And promis'd bliſs beſtow:
The weakeſt of the blood-bought race,
Shall ſee his Saviour face to face,
And in full glory glow.

3 Can Jeſu's blood be ſhed in vain,
His agonizing toil and pain?
Shall his poſſeſſion die?
Shall great Jehovah's only ſon,
Loſe the redemption he has won?
Or in oblivion die?

4 Who ſhall the ranſom'd captives take,
Or Jeſu's work abortive make?
Who blaſt high heav'ns decree?
He cannot, cannot be o'erthrown,
They muſt poſſeſs the promis'd crown;
The great ſalvation ſee.

5 With patience then the croſs endure,
Labour to make thy calling ſure,
My ſoul, nor weary grow;
When ſatan's fiery darts aſſail,
Look to the man within the vail,
Who is got ſafely thro'.

HYMN LXXI.

1 COME let us join in praiſes,
To ſing the ſinner's friend;
Whoſe ſweeteſt name is Jeſus,
A Saviour to the end.
When man lay in confuſion,
Accurs'd for one offence;
Blinded thro' ſtrange deluſion.
In ſin and ignorance.

2 He ſtoop'd to take our nature,,
And proof convincing gave;
That man his helpleſs creature,
He was reſolv'd to ſave.
And thro' that bleſſed union,
Of God and man made one;
Again bring to communion
With God, the ſinner man.

3 Surpriſing

3 Surpriſing condeſcenſion!
Thro' free electing love;
Beyond the comprehenſion,
Of glorious minds above.
Who was with ſinners number'd,
Did for their ſins atone;
He, who with griefs was cumber'd,
Now fills Jehovah's throne.

4 Hail ever bleſſed Jeſus!
The man who reigns above,
The ſubject of our praiſes,
And object of our love.
Let ev'ry congregation,
Exalt thy ſacred name;
And all the ſaved nations
Say, worthy is the lamb!

HYMN LXXII.

1 CALL to mind the ſolemn ſeaſon,
Ye diſciples of the Lord;
When the paſchal lamb was eaten,
In obedience to his word:
Awful was the midnight ſupper,
When they round the table ſtood;
Eating of the Lord's paſſover;
Sprinkling of their doors with blood.

2 Every Jewiſh generation;
By th' Almighty's fix'd decree;
Kept by ſolemn obſervation
This, in every family:

To remind 'em by the ſignal,
Of diſcriminating blood;
How the direful midnight angel,
Scatter'd death the land abroad.

3 While beneath the blood of ſprinkling,
Iſrael ſafe from danger lay;
Egypt's full of rueful wailing,
Emblem of the judgment day:
Did the tribes, for a remembrance,
Ev'ry year obſerve the ſign?
Shall not we who have the ſubſtance;
Celebrate the feaſt divine?

HYMN LXXIII. *Long Metre.*

1 WHEN piercing anguiſh wounds the ſoul,
And dire deſpair pervades the whole;
Then *Jacob's* God diſplays his pow'r,
And ſaves in horror's darkeſt hour,

2 Thus *Iſrael's* helpleſs tribes purſu'd
By *Pharaoh*, thirſting for their blood,
Diſmay'd, diſtreſt, o'erwelm'd with fear,
No friend, no aid, no comfort near.

3 In this diſtreſs they cry'd aloud;
Unto their God within the cloud;
Who ſpake, and at his pow'rful word,
The willing waters hail'd their Lord.

4 Like

4 Like walls th' obedient ſurges roſe,
To guard the tribes, and drown their foes;
The haughty hoſts affrighted fled,
But met their doom and ſunk like lead.

5 Thus holy *Daniel*, nobly good,
Boldly the threats of man withſtood,
And tho' to ſavage lions toſt,
Their nature and their rage ſeem'd loſt.

6 The glorious ſage they mildly greet,
And fawning kiſs, the prophet's feet:
Peace then my ſoul, let Jeſu's name,
Calm all thy fears, for God's the ſame.

HYMN LXXIV. *Long Metre.*

1 DEAR brethren let us ſteadfaſt be,
In goſpel's faith bleſt unity,
And for the ſame in love contend,
And patient hope unto the end,

2 Of him who meek and lowly was,
And patiently endur'd the croſs,
Let us be follow'rs day by day,
And learn of him who led the way.

3 Tho, here in form of ſervant mean,
Rejected and deſpis'd of men;
Yet with his father One to be;
Jeſus ne'er thought it robbery.

4 Traditions and commands of men,
Did not the Saviour's notice gain;
The word of God his rule he made.
And him with conſcience pure obey'd.

5 True goſpel, ſelf-denial this,
The narrow way which leads to bliſs;
To ſeek the glory of God's name,
At the expence of ſcorn and ſhame.

6 For this may we together ſtrive
And with him all together live;
" Who will, ſaith he, my follow'r be,
" Muſt with his croſs come after me. "

HYMN LXXV. *Common Metre.*

1 YE nations hear, the God of love;
Whoſe gladd'ning meſſage ſounds;
Both everlaſting peace and love,
To men, thro' Jeſu's wounds.

2 *Daniel* the heav'nly prophet cry'd,
" When ſeventy weeks are gone;
" *Meſſiah* ſhall be crucify'd
" For crimes, but not his own.

3 " An end for ever ſhall be made.
" Of all his people's ſin;
" Tranſgreſſions all be finiſhed,
" And righteouſneſs brought in. "

4 When

4 When Jeſus on the croſs expir'd,
He teſtify'd aloud;
" What law, or equity requir'd
" Is finiſh'd, O my God! "

5 His reſurrection from the grave,
Declar'd him juſtify'd;
His life in heaven ſhews he can ſave,
His dearly purchas'd bride.

6 He reigns in new Jeruſalem,
His ancients now among;
And we by faith are come to them,
And join the heav'nly ſong.

HYMN LXXVI. *Long Metre.*

1 WHEN faith receives the witneſs true,
Which God once gave unto his ſon;
The ſoul obtains a ſpirit new,
And life eternal is begun.

2 A life which in God's favour lies,
The life of faith upon his ſon;
He who believeth never dies,
Nor ſhall to condemnation come.

3 The ſacrifice upon the croſs,
By Jeſus offer'd once for all;
Brings everlaſting righteouſneſs,
To them who on his name do call.

4 As ſin's reward is death always,
So everlaſting life is own'd,
The juſt reward of righteouſneſs,
With which the Saviour now is crown'd.

5 The bread of life which came from heav'n,
Both God and man doth ſatisfy;
God is well pleas'd, and man forgiv'n,
Thro' Jeſu's blood, which peace doth cry.

6 He, who believes, no more ſhall thirſt,
After a ſomething to relieve;
That hung'ring pain within man's breaſt,
Which ſelf-tormenting conſcience gives.

HYMN LXXVII. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW bleſt are they who know the Lord!
And walk obedient to his word,
With tribulation, they enjoy,
The peace of God and ſolid joy.

2 The hidden manna is their food,
The Saviour's holy fleſh and blood;
Their daily bread which came from heav'n,
And for their life by God was giv'n.

3 As Jeſu's father did him ſend,
So on his word he did depend;
And liv'd and conquer'd by that faith,
Which was triumphant thro' his death.

4 All who believe, the fleſh and blood,
Which Jeſus offer'd once to God;
A ſacrifice was made for ſin.
They eat and drink, and live by him.

5 God's bread that life can never feed,
Which unconverted ſinners lead;
Which life in Gods diſpleaſure lies,
Thro' ſin, for which the ſinner dies.

6 But they who live the life of faith,
Shall never taſte the ſecond death;
For Jeſus lives to intercede,
For grace to help in time of need.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

1 ARISE ye ſaints aud bleſs the Lord.
The Lord your God always;
His glorious name ſtill be ador'd,
Which is above all praiſe.

2 For he, ev'n he, is Lord alone,
Maker of heav'n and earth;
They, and their offspring ev'ry one,
From him derive their birth.

3 The ſeas, with all their num'rous ſhoals,
By him their courſes ſteer,
He bids the raging billows roll,
Or ſtop their wild career.

4 The heav'nly hoſts revere his name,
And worſhip him their God,
The whole creation ſpeaks the ſame,
Murm'ring his praiſe abroad.

5 He called Abr'am from the eaſt,
The land for idols fam'd,
And with his bleſſing he him bleſt,
And faithful Abr'am nam'd.

6 A covenant with him he made,
And promis'd Canaan's land;
And brought thereto his num'rous ſeed,
By his Almighty hand.

7 His promiſe now to Zion is,
That ſhe ſhall ſafe arrive;
Unto the realm of happineſs,
Where ſaints and angels live.

HYMN LXXIX. *Long Metre.*

1 WHEN fifty days were paſt and gone,
After the Lord aſcended high;
Seated upon his glorious throne,
And captive led captivity.

2 Then all the twelve aſſembled were,
In old *Jeruſelem* to wait;
As Jeſus did command while there,
His promiſe for to ſupplicate.

3 Upon

3 Upon that very day and time,
When *Iſrael* met to keep the feaſt,
Of waved loaves, which was the ſign,
Of ſending forth the *Holy Ghoſt*.

4 Then ſuddenly a ſound was heard,
Like mighty ruſhing wind from heav'n,
And cloven tongues of fire appear'd,
With firſt-fruits of the ſpirit giv'n.

5 Then did the kingdom of our Lord,
Appear in heav'nly majeſty,
And by his pow'rful goſpel word,
He ſhook the earth, and alſo ſky.

6 Then was an holy nation born,
Unto *Jehovah* in one day;
Where Jeſu's grace and truth are known,
By ſubjects pure, who him obey.

HYMN LXXX. *Long Metre.*

1 ONE language o'er the earth prevail'd,
'Till *Babel's* rebels vainly thought;
The walls of heaven to have ſcal'd,
And with their hands ſalvation wrought:

2 But God in judgment then came down,
And did their vain attempts confound,
With language ſtrange, and tongues unknown,
Diſpers'd the builders countries round.

3 But

3 But now the *ſpirit's* mighty pow'r,
Divided nations has rejoin'd;
And one pure language, earth all o'er,
Unites the builders in one mind.

4 One lip, or one confeſſion true,
Unites the nations thro' one word;
Barbarians, *Scythians*, *Greeks*, and *Jews*,
Confeſs that Jeſus is the LORD.

5 This is the goſpel *Pentecoſt*,
When *Peter* with his goſpel keys;
Open'd the heav'niy kingdom firſt,
Unto the unbelieving Jews.

6 Hereby a city ſhall be rais'd,
With walls indeed to reach the ſky;
And here the nations meet to praiſe,
And walk, and ſing, and never die.

HYMN LXXXI. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW glorious is the goſpel ſound!
Throughout the nations all around;
Which publiſheth the tidings true,
That neither man, nor angel knew.

2 Until in heav'n and earth reveal'd,
The goſpel myſt'ry was conceal'd;
But now unto the ſaints made known,
In Chriſt who is our hope alone.

3 He

3 He with his brethren now is one,
Fleſh of their fleſh, and bone of bone;
In them by his own ſpir't and word,
They are his people, he their Lord:

4 An union which ſhall laſt for aye,
Much firmer than the mingled clay;
For members of his fleſh and bone.
Can never from their head be torn.

5 This glorious goſpel grace indeed!
Both rich and ſure to all the ſeed;
A grace which reigns thro' righteouſneſs,
Unto eternal life, and bliſs!

HYMN LXXXII. *Common Metre.*

1 HOW rich the gift, which God has giv'n,
Unto the ſons of men;
When Jeſus did deſcend from heav'n,
To give us life again.

2 The father's true, and only ſon,
Begotten in that hour;
When Mary compaſſed the man,
Thro' overſhading pow'r.

3 Which holy thing, was God's firſt-born;
And character moſt juſt:
Altho' he treated was with ſcorn;
And humbled to the duſt.

4 The

4 The greatneſs of this gift depends,
On love ſurpaſſing thought;
And Jeſu's death the ſame commends,
Whoſe blood redemption brought.

5 As great the gift ſo rich the grace,
Which by IMMANUEL came;
When he unveil'd JEHOVAH's face,
And glorify'd his name.

6 The God, who gave him, ſmote him too,
With keeneſt vengeful ſword;
The God who ſmote him brought him thro,
To reign a conqu'ring Lord.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Long Metre.*

1 WHEN man did fall from God by ſin,
And curſe and death both enter'd in;
A twofold *ſeed* God did declare,
Should in the fallen world appear.

2 The woman's *ſeed* with Chriſt their head,
The ſerpent's *ſeed* by ſatan led;
And that theſe two at war ſhould be,
In laſting hate and enmity.

3 The *Jews* and *Gentiles* ſhew'd the ſame;
Thoſe knew and call'd upon God's name;
Theſe unto God, were enemies,
And did his people ſtill deſpiſe.

4 When Jeſus chief of Woman's ſeed,
Appear'd in fleſh for ſin to bleed;
He pointed this diſtinction ſtill,
To thoſe who ſought the Lord to kill.

5 Ye of your father ſatan are,
Not Abr'am's ſeed, nor know his fear;
For he rejoic'd my day to ſee,
But ye with envy look on me.

6 Thus brighter rays of goſpel grace,
Two ſeeds reveal'd in Abra'm's race;
The one declar'd God's family;
The other of the world to be.

7 This civil war which God begun,
Between the ſerpent and his ſon;
Muſt in ſome form on earth remain,
'Till Jeſu's ſeed the vict'ry gain.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Common Metre.*

1 ALL pow'r to Jeſus Chriſt belongs,
Now ſeated on his throne;
He worthy is of praiſe and ſongs,
Whom for our God we own.

2 For fully he the love of God,
Commended to our race;
When he appear'd in fleſh and blood;
To manifeſt his grace.

3 He

3 He ſpoil'd the pow'rs of darkneſs all,
When Sampſon-like he fell;
Drinking the cup of bitter gall;
In pains of death, and hell.

4 But Judgment ſoon to righteouſneſs,
Return'd with pleaſing ſmile;
To crown with life, and happineſs,
The man who knew no guile.

5 On glorious throne he now beholds,
The travail of his ſoul;
Gath'ring his ſheep into his fold,
'Till he has gain'd the whole.

6 His ſpirit by his goſpel word,
Calls on them from on high;
They hear his voice, and thro' his blood,
The wand'rers are brought nigh.

HYMN LXXXV. *Common Metre.*

1 LET the redeemed of the Lord,
To him their voices raiſe;
Adore and tremble at his word,
And ſound abroad his praiſe.

2 Worthy is he, who once was ſlain,
Of honour, might, and power;
He once was dead, but roſe again,
And lives for evermore.

3 He

3 He lov'd his ſaints, and waſh'd away,
Their ſins in his own blood;
And made them kings and prieſts; and they
Shall reign on earth with God.

4 Let all the heavenly armies join,
With thoſe on earth and ſeas;
And all created hoſts combine;
To ſound his lofty praiſe.

5 Glory, and honour, bleſſing, might,
To Jeſus ſtill belong;
Let all the heavens aloud repeat,
The never ending ſong.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Long Metre.*

1 O What unbounded glories reign,
Where Jeſus ſhews his lovely face!
What tranſports run thro' ev'ry plain,
And love, and joy fill all the place.

2 Archangels fill'd with love divine,
In loudeſt ſtrains his praiſes ſing;
They ſing what boundleſs glories ſhine,
Around their ſov'reign, and their king.

3 They ſing how Jeſus fell beneath,
His people's guilt upon the tree;
But roſe in triumph over death,
And reigns in immortality.

4 Sov'reign of all created pow'r,
The object of his creatures praiſe;
He'll reign ador'd for evermore,
Cloath'd with omnipotence and grace.

5 That head which once was crown'd with thorns,
See deck'd with majeſty and grace;
The glory which all heav'n adorns,
Flows from the preſence of his face.

HYMN LXXXVII. *Long Metre.*

1 COME let us join, in loudeſt ſongs,
To praiſe JEHOVAH's ſacred name;
Let earth with all her num'rous tongues
Unite to ſpread abroad his fame;

2 To execute his ſov'reign will,
Thouſands of angels ready ſtand;
His ſaints to guard, his foes to quell,
Quickly they move at his command.

3 His ſaints he ſaves by ways unknown,
When dangers preſs on ev'ry ſide;
Sufficient is his arm alone,
To ſave all who in him confide.

4 His power is ev'ry moment new,
Who is the ſtrong and mighty God;
They cannot faint or weary grow,
Who live by Jeſu's fleſh and blood.

5 For,

5 For they who wait upon the Lord,
Shall mount on eagles wings moſt high;
And by th' Almighty's pow'rful word,
They live, and love, and never die.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the mighty God!
Let all thy inward powers agree,
To aid my tongue, and ſpread abroad,
The praiſes of the living THREE.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, in loudeſt ſongs,
The Lord, whoſe mercy knows no bounds;
Let earth with all her num'rous tongues,
Repeat his praiſe in ſweeteſt ſounds!

3 His mercy pardons all our ſins,
His mighty arm is ſtrong to ſave;
He heals our ſickneſſes and pains,
And ranſoms from the gloomy grave.

4 Our bodies in corruption laid,
Within the duſt of curſed ground;
Shall by God's pow'r again be rais'd,
And like his glorious body found.

5 To ſhare with Jeſus in that bliſs,
Which he at God's right-hand enjoys;
Fulneſs of glorious happineſs,
Which never ends, nor ever cloys.

HYMN LXXXIX. *Common Metre.*

THE GODHEAD OF CHRIST.

1 FATHER, thy glorious name we praiſe,
That wond'rous love declare;
That love eternal to our race,
Which in our HEAD we ſhare.

2 Jeſus, thy everlaſting might,
Shall all our tongues employ:
Thou reign'd in boundleſs realms of light,
E'er time began to be.

3 Before the curtains of the ſky,
Were hung in order round;
Or orbs of light had ſhone on high,
Thou waſt with glory crown'd.

4 E'er mountains rear'd their tow'ring heads,
Or chryſtal fountains ran;
E'er waters found their oozy beds,
Thou liv'dſt the holy one.

5 And when to being all things ran,
And circling time appear'd;
Thy wiſdom laid the mighty plan;
Thy pow'r the fabric rear'd.

6 And while the lofty building ſtands,
It ſpeaks thy boundleſs name;
The heav'ns declare to heathen lands,
Thy glory, and thy fame.

HYMN XC. *Long Metre.*

1 YE brethren here, 'tis heaven doth call,
Liſten to Chriſt, who ſpeaks to all;
Tho' now in glory with his friends,
His voice to nations wide extends.

2 He bids us in himſelf abide,
And him confeſs once crucify'd;
Nor with Croſs-royal ever ſhame,
But patient ſuffer for his name.

3 The glory now, with which He's crown'd,
Obtained was when He was bound;
In faſhion of a ſingle man,
And finiſh'd great redemption's plan;

4 Tho' riſen now, and glorious too,
He correſponds with us below
By his laſt teſtament and will,
Whereby we have his preſence ſtill.

5 Be faithful unto death he cries,
And life eternal is the prize;
Preſs on to ſeek the righteous crown,
Nor faint till you the ſame put on.

6 Try all, who claim the grace divine,
By ſtandard true, in God's ſun-ſhine;
Traditions vain, and man's decrees,
Leave to the formal Phariſees.

7 But whilſt for faith we do contend,
Let genuine love always attend;
By an obedience freely giv'n,
To Jeſus, who now ſpeaks from heav'n.

HYMN XCI. *Long Metre.*

1 WE ſing of blood on Calv'ry ſhed,
When Jeſus our ſin-offring bled;
Glorious his perſon, blood divine,
The truth of ev'ry type and ſign.

2 His worth and virtue none can tell,
A ranſom price from death, and hell;
A ſea which quench'd conſuming fire,
A ſmell, which did appeaſe God's ire.

3 A fountain open night and day,
To waſh our guilty crimes away;
A ground for hope both firm and ſure,
To ſtand while grace, and truth endure.

4 The joy and peace of Jeſu's bride,
The living water from his ſide,
Th' atonement whereby peace is made,
And life eternal is convey'd.

5 No virtue gaining from man's will,
Nor lets its purchaſe ſink to hell;
But ſure to all the ſeed remains,
Or elſe the Saviour died in vain.

6 On Sion's hill the ſaints do cry,
All praiſe to him, who once did die;
All that we are, all that we have,
Is thro' his blood, who died to ſave.

HYMN XCII. *Long Metre.*

1 WE glory in him once abhorr'd
Our maker, Jeſus Chriſt the Lord;
And by his blood and righteouſneſs,
We hope for pardon, peace, and bliſs.

2 When he became our fleſh and bone,
The myſt'ry was to Mary ſhewn;
How ſhe a virgin ſhould obtain,
A ſon on David's throne to reign.

3 In ſtable born, was the moſt high,
And did in manger helpleſs lie;
Where Gentile kings their homage paid,
To him in poverty thus laid.

4 The father did declare his love,
Unto his ſon, from heav'n above;
Which never could an object find,
To reſt his love in all mankind.

5 Not temple, tho' hallow'd with blood
Could habitation be for God,
But fulneſs now, of deity,
We in the man Chriſt Jeſus ſee.

1 Holy of holies now we own;
The body of God's only ſon;
And the in dwelling glory there,
Is all the God we love or fear.

HYMN XCIII. *Long Metre.*

1 WE praiſe thee, father for thy ſon,
And Jeſus for what thou haſt done;
Thy name and work our ſubject be,
Thro time, and in eternity.

2 Dark was the aſpect of poor man,
When he from his creator ran;
And did with ſatan's band rebel,
Which brought the curſe of death and hell.

3 No hope for man did then appear,
Condemn'd, and ſhut up to deſpair;
Object forlorn, and quite undone,
If grace had not reveal'd God's ſon.

4 When ſatan triumph'd on the field,
And angels could no 'ſiſtance yield;
The father did his love make known,
In ſending his beloved ſon.

5 I come ſaith he to do thy will,
And in that body I will dwell;
Which thou prepared has for me,
To do the work which pleaſeth thee.

6 He

6 He liv'd and dy'd in ſinners room,
But from the grave returned ſoon;
Which was undoubted proof that he
Had captive led captivity.

7 Th' eternal ranſom now is paid,
Tranſgreſſions finiſh'd, law obey'd;
The goſpel cries, all ready is,
Come and partake the happineſs.

HYMN XCIV. *Long Metre.*

1 THE holy angels always ſing,
Praiſe, unto their creating King;
And all the ranſom'd tribes above,
Chriſt, everlaſting dying love.

2 The love of God which was made known,
In God's incarnate only ſon;
Who from a throne of blazing day,
Became a man, in robes of clay.

3 This humbling of himſelf for man,
And finiſhing redemption's plan,
Is ſuch a theme of love divine,
As creatures never could deſign.

4 He who did reign in realms of light,
When nothing was to ſpeak his might;
E'er fleeting time its courſe began,
Or earth was made, or faſhion'd man.

5 Before the mountains rear'd their heads,
Or oceans roll'd on ſandy beds;
Before the trees, or ſhrubs were ſeen,
Or flowers appear'd on meadows green.

9 E'er clouds were balanced on air,
Or light'nings play'd with dazzling glare;
Jeſus was then exiſting Lord,
And all created by his word.

7 Aſtoniſhing humility,
That he ſhould fleſh become and die,
God's hereby glority'd indeed,
And men from death, and hell are freed.

HYMN XCV. *Long Metre.*

1 *JEHOVAH* reigns enthron'd in light,
Girded with majeſty, and might;
Let earth rejoice in him her king,
And all the iſles his praiſes ſing.

2 The wonders of his providence,
Lie hid beyond the reach of ſenſe,
But ſhall at laſt to all be known,
That righteouſneſs ſupports his throne.

3 When he in majeſty ſhall come,
His foes in flames for to conſume;
The heavens his truth ſhall then proclaim,
And all adore great Jeſus name.

4 Angels

4 Angels praiſe him upon the throne,
And ſaints him for their Saviour own;
" Where glory human and divine,
" In full perfection meet and ſhine.

5 Amongſt the thouſands none can vie,
With him who did on Calv'ry die;
For riches, honour, grace and pow'r,
Now dwell with him for evermore.

6 Exalted now at God's right-hand,
As prieſt for evermore to ſtand;
His people here below to bleſs,
With all which he doth now poſſeſs.

HYMN XCVI. *Long Metre.*

1 TO God, the Sovereign of the ſkies,
Whoſe dwelling, dazling lights ſurround,
To him let ſongs of joy ariſe,
And praiſe, in ſweet harmonious ſounds.

2 Approach his courts, with lofty praiſe,
Exult with ſongs, before his throne;
To him your voices loudly raiſe,
And bow before the great *three-one.*

3 Ye nations, know Jehovah reigns,
Girded with everlaſting might;
His pow'r which made us ſtill ſuſtains,
And nature's frame, with all its weight.

4 He

4 He frowns and lo, the fabrick reels!
Creation's ſtable pillars bow;
The orb of day its face conceals!
Nor ſtars one chearing ray beſtow.

5 He cloathes the heav'ns in ſable night;
Then from his ſtore-houſe in the ſky,
He darts his light'nings; awful bright,
And peals of thunder roar on high.

6 But tho' they rend creation's frame,
JEHOVAH's mercy ſhall endure;
His truth ſhall ſtand when raging flame,
The mighty building ſhall devour.

HYMN XCVII.

1 CHRIST our paſſover is killed,
By the curſe of law divine;
And his precious blood was ſpilled,
Whereof now we have the ſign;
By his order, when deep anguiſh,
(In the night of vengeful ire)
Made his righteous ſoul to languiſh,
In the ſin-conſuming fire.

2 Jeſus, let thy bleſſed ſpirit,
Give us now a lightning beam,
To diſcern thy love and merit,
Thro' thy bloody healing ſtream;

Whilſt

Whilſt we eat, and drink the tokens,
Of our Saviour's dying love;
May his blood, and body broken,
Life and ſpirit to us prove:

3 Come thou maſter of the feſtal,
Shew thy ſelf thro' ſolemn ſigns,
To thy church now at thy footſtool,
Waiting for a kiſs divine;
Grace and favour be diſplaying,
Breathe throughout thy breath divine;
Let thy ſpirit while we're praying,
Join, and ſeal us ever thine.

HYMN XCVIII.

1 BRETHREN dear, now in communion;
We are met in Jeſu's name;
Center of that bleſſed union,
Of our God, the church, and lamb.
Happy fruit of Jeſu's paſſion,
Bleſſed, yea thrice bleſſed we!
Who enjoy this great ſalvation,
In a choſen family.

2 Jeſus, thro' thine agonizing,
Make us of thee, fleſh and bone;
Let thy ſpirit be baptizing,
Us few ſinners into *one*.
See the travail of thy manhood,
In the union of thy ſeed:
Dwell amidſt thy royal prieſthood,
Daily for them intercede.

3 Now by grace thy helpleſs members,
Flow together in one head;
And in doing this, remember,
Thee, our ever living bread;
Who alive and dead waſt wounded,
To give vent to healing ſtreams;
Grace, free grace from hence abounded,
And us cleans'd from all our ſins.

4 " Drink, O drink! my beſt beloved,
Drink abundantly he cries;
Thou my dove to me eſpouſed,
By the deareſt, ſtrongeſt ties:
Was thy bridegroom white and ruddy,
As he dy'd upon the tree?
Drink, and eat his blood and body,
Now held forth by ſigns to thee.

5 " This the ſignal of my paſſion,
This the pledge of matchleſs love;
This the ſeal of thy ſalvation,
Emblem of the quires above,
As they circl'd ſtand around me;
Come, my love make haſte away,
Jeſus, let thine arms ſurround us,
Now, and in eternal clay.

HYMN XCIX.

1 YE Gentiles, come join in the praiſe of your king,
With heart and with voice to *Immanuel* ſing;
The object, and ſubject, of praiſe let him be,
Who lives, and who reigns, tho' he dy'd on a tree.

2 Our nature's exalted in him from the clod,
A morſel for worms, to a temple of God:
The center of union, a link which conjoins,
The human, angelic, and nature divine.

3 The glory thro' all the creation around,
Like rays in a burning-glaſs in him are found;
Diſplaying the ev'ry perfection of God;
And publiſhing mercy thro' th' cry of his blood.

4 In cries agonizing, with ſinners he ſtands,
Who gathers the winds, like the duſt in his hands;
He walks on the clouds, and he rides on the ſkies;
He crawls on the earth, and he groans, and he dies.

5 He points out the ſtars, and the planets their race,
He fills all the heavens with joy from his face,
He metes the dimenſion of ſkies with a ſpan;
All glory, all fulneſs dwell in this God-man.

6 God's

6 God's fellow, God's ſervant, man's Saviour and friend;
Whoſe love to his own, remains firm to the end.
A brother of worms, and companion of fools;
In heaven confin'd; but immenſity fills.

7 The gloryfy'd croud now unanimous owns,
Jeſus for *Jehovah*, crown'd with many crowns;
The rainbow around him, love's bright canopy,
Shews all God's perfections, in bleſt harmony.

HYMN C.

1 WE ſing of the Saviour, the ſinner's beſt friend.
Whoſe love is unchangeably firm to the end;
In love from his glory he once did deſend,
And one with his brethren became;
He empty'd himſelf of his glory and pow'r
Nor minded high things in his humbling hour;
Was number'd with ſinners, and patiently bore
Their ſorrows, their ſins, and their ſhame,
" Worthineſs dwells in thee,
" Divine excellency,
" Beauty and majeſty,
" Glory invirons thee;
" Power, honour, dominion, and life reſt on thee,
" O thou chiefeſt among the ten thouſands!

2 On Calvary's mountain he conquer'd our foes,
And open'd a fountain which conſtantly flows;
In dying he dy'd, but triumphant aroſe,
And enter'd to glory of glories.
The Lord God *Jehovah*, omnipotent reigns,
Ev'n he who was wounded, and languiſh'd in pains,
But lives, nor can ever be dying again,
A prieſt in the holy of holies.
" Worthineſs &c.

3 Redemption is finiſh'd by blood all divine,
And life from the dead is the proof and the ſign,
That darkneſs is paſt and the true light doth ſhine,
Ev'n God's juſt character and glory;
In Jeſu's bleſt face as in glaſs we behold,
The perfect reſemblance of all that was told,
Concerning *Jehovah*, by prophets of old;
When glimpſes they ſaw of his glory.
" Worthineſs &c.

4 Enthroned and crowned *Immanuel* ſtands
Incircled in glory at God's own right-hand;
Ador'd by the croud bearing palms in their hands
Admiring in tranſports his glory.
Salvation they ſing unto him who was ſlain,
We join in the concert, and echo again,
His blood brings us home to our father again,
To tell with his ſaints the bleſt ſtory.
" Worthineſs &c.

5 We

5 We look for the bridegroom, and long for to hear,
The ſound of his footſteps, on clouds of the air;
With thouſands of angels, and ſaints to appear,
His triumph to grace on that day.
His kingdom ſhall then in its majeſty ſhine,
His ſervants on thrones with their maſter divine,
Shall rule o'er the nations while Satan's confin'd;
Come Jeſus, come quickly away.
" Worthineſs dwells in thee,
" Divine excellency,
" Beauty and majeſty,
" Glory invirons thee;
" Power, honour, dominion, and life reſt on thee,
" O thou chiefeſt among the ten thouſands!

HYMN CI.

1 HOW glorious is Jeſus, enthroned on high!
Now crowned with life, and ſupreme majeſty;
The " father of ages " or eternity;
Victorious o'er death, and the grave.
All ranks of the angels, with ſaints, now adore,
The man who was wounded, and cover'd with gore;
But glorify'd now, to know ſorrow no more,
Nor cry for his father to ſave;
" Worthineſs dwells in thee,
" Divine excellency,
" Beauty and majeſty,
" Glory invirons thee;
" Power, honour, dominion, and life reſt on thee,
" O thou chiefeſt among the ten thouſands!

2 As Saul in the midſt of his people did ſtand
The talleſt, and comlieſt of men in the land;
So Jeſus exalted at God's own right hand,
To honour and glory above,
Is faireſt, and chiefeſt the thouſands among,
The object of worſhip, and ſubject of ſong,
For ever admir'd by the ranſomed throng;
In raptures they ſing of his love.
" Worthineſs &c.

3 The virgins of *Iſrael* in ages of old,
Cry'd *Saul* has ſlain thouſands; and *David* tenfold;
But now heav'n's virgins on pſalt'ries of gold,
Sing praiſes to him on the throne.
Not *Abſolam's* beauty, nor *Sampſon's* great fights;
Not *Solomon's* glory, nor *David's* exploits,
Are mentioned above; but the man of delights
Is worſhip'd, and praiſed alone.
" Worthineſs dwells in thee, &c.

HYMN CIII. *Long Meaſure.*

1 WHEN in the days of *Ahab* vile,
Both prieſts and people, great and ſmall;
Had ſold themſelves for to revile
The God of heav'n who made them all.

2 The great Elijah then was ſent,
A burning and a ſhining ſtar:
The lying prophets to confront,
And vindicate God's character.

3 *Iſrael* on *Carmel*, meet in crouds,
And Baal's prophets ſacrifice;
Calling upon their Gods aloud,
And mingling of their blood with cries.

4 From morn till noon they hold the cry,
With furious, frantic, madman's zeal;
But neither voice, nor God came nigh;
Nor fire from heav'n their work to ſeal.

5 Then in God's name Elijah rears,
An altar of unpoliſh'd ſtone;
(And fill'd a trench with water clear;)
Then laid his ſacrifice thereon.

6 Calling upon the God of heav'n,
To vindicate his glorious name;
And ſhew to all by ſignal giv'n,
That Iſrael's God is ſtill the ſame.

7 The fire of God from heaven falls down;
Which ſoon the ſacrifice devours:
The people ſhout: The Lord alone
Is God of Gods, for evermore.

HYMN CIV. *Long Metre.*

1 WHEN Iſrael came from Egypt's land;
Their promis'd *Canaan* to poſſeſs,
Their refuge was, God's mighty hand;
Throughout the howling wilderneſs.

2 *Jehovah*

2 *Jehovah* led their armies on;
To nations dreadful, every where;
He was their banner, he alone
Their God: for no ſtrange God was there.

3 Tho' kings, and princes did combine,
To cruſh the kingdom of the Lord;
Yet all in vain; for pow'r divine,
Gave vict'ry ſtill to Iſrael's ſword.

4 The king of *Moab* with terror fill'd;
Sought help in vain from *Balaam's* charms;
Not altars rear'd, nor victims kill'd;
Could curſe the people in God's arms.

5 In ſtrains exalted, and ſublime
Compel'd; he ſings of Iſrael's bliſs,
From age to age, and lateſt times,
He propheſies their happineſs.

6 *Iſrael*, he cries, ſhall dwell alone,
Nor with the nations number'd be;
Their name ſhall live, when time is gone,
And names loſt in eternity.

7 Like as the righteous let me die;
And my laſt end be like to their's:
Thus hypocrites in dangers cry,
When judgements have alarm'd their fears.

HYMN CV. *Long Metre.*

1 LISTEN once more to Balaam's ſong,
Ye who the name of Iſrael bear;
Whoſe words are heav'nly bold and ſtrong,
To all, who have got ears to hear.

2 God is not man, that he ſhould lie;
Nor ſon of man for to repent:
Hath he not ſworn moſt ſolemnly,
And who is he, who can prevent.

3 Before all worlds God's purpoſe was,
And publiſh'd after time begun;
The ſeed of Abra'm for to bleſs,
And Iſrael call his firſt-born ſon.

4 The ſins of Jacob cover'd are,
And hid from the all-ſeeing eye;
They all did meet and puniſh'd were,
In him who did for ſinners die.

5 The ſhout of Jeſus, king of kings,
Thro' Iſrael's utmoſt border ſounds;
At which they clap their hands, and ſing;
While nations hearing tremble round.

6 Like lion couching on the ground,
He ſhall not miſs the deſtin'd prey;
As *Pharaoh* and his hoſt was drown'd,
So Iſrael's foes ſhall melt away.

7 Sure

7 Sure no inchantment can prevail,
Againſt the choſen of the Lord;
Their God is nigh, and cannot fail,
Fulfilling his moſt gracious word.

HYMN CVI. *Long Metre.*

1 LET us give ear while Balaam ſings,
With open'd eyes, in lofty ſtrains:
The wond'rous fate of mighty kings,
And Iſrael's bleſſedneſs again.

2 How goodly are thy tents he cries,
With ſpicy trees adorn'd around
And living fruit which never dies,
Nor fading leaf the year around.

3 His pools with water God ſhall fill,
From fountain which is never dry;
And on his everlaſting hill,
Their king ſhall be exalted high.

4 God brought him forth from bondage great;
His ſtrength is as the unicorn:
The nations all ſhall be his meat,
His ſeed like dew, in ſummers morn.

5 At laſt he ſhall to reſt obtain,
And couch like the great lion down;
And who ſhall break his reſt again,
Or on the bleſſed nation frown:

6 For curſed ſhall the people be,
Who curſe the choſen of the Lord;
But all, who wiſh proſperity
To Sion, ſhall have her reward.

HYMN CVII. *Common Metre.*

1 HOW bleſt are they who truly know,
The joyful goſpel ſound;
Diſtinguiſh'd from the fiery law,
Which curſed all around.

2 Both life and ſtrength it gave to ſin;
And worked wrath withal:
Rouſing the enmity within,
Which came from Adam's fall.

3 'Tis weak, and cannot juſtify,
Before an holy God:
But goſpel-tidings do bring nigh,
A righteouſneſs thro' blood.

4 A righteouſneſs which is divine;
And perfect in God's eye:
The robe in which his ſaints do ſhine,
To all eternity.

5 Without a ſpotleſs ſacrifice,
Of holy fleſh and blood;
In vain each bleeding victim dies,
To ſeek for peace with God.

6 But

6 But Jeſus in the latter days,
Appear'd in fleſh and blood;
And bore his people's ſins away,
And reconcil'd to God.

7 He is the Lord our righteouſneſs,
His blood divine likewiſe;
This only the foundation is,
Each other refuge lies.

8 Then let us boldly praiſe the name,
Of him who for us died;
To day, and yeſterday the ſame,
Our God and none beſide.

HYMN CVIII. *Common Metre.*

1 DEAR Jeſus help us now to ſing
Thy praiſe, and thine alone;
Who did the great ſalvation bring,
And for our ſins atone.

2 Great is thy name, and great thy pow'r,
Thou heav'n and earth doſt fill;
Thou lives, and reigns for evermore,
On holy Zion's hill.

3 Thy ſceptre is a righteous rod,
Thy ſubjects love its ſway;
The houſe of David owns thee God,
And thy commands obey.

4 The enemies of Jacob's houſe,
Shall not exact on thee:
The poor ſhall find their righteous cauſe,
Maintain'd with equity.

5 Lift up thy hand, thou church's head,
And all thy foes ſhall fear;
Do thou but ſpeak, and ſinners dead,
Thy pow'rful voice ſhall hear.

6 Be ſtill ye nations all, and know,
That Jeſus Chriſt is God,
Submit unto his righteous law,
Or feel his iron rod.

7 Let David's houſe confeſs his name,
Who ſits on David's throne,
And let them all their king proclaim,
Ev'n Jeſus David's ſon.

HYMN CIX. *Common Metre.*

1 BEHOLD! my ſervant ſaith the Lord,
Whom I to Iſrael ſend;
According to my faithful word.
Which ſhall for ever ſtand.

2 My choſen one I will uphold,
And with my ſpirit fill;
While he my councils ſhall unfold,
And finiſh all my will.

3 He

3 He is my darling, and delight,
And ſhall my judgments bring
To Gentiles, with the goſpel light,
That they his praiſe may ſing.

4 He ſhall not brawl the ſtreets along,
Nor lift his voice on high,
Like drunkards in their midnight ſongs,
But teach with gravity.

5 The bruiſed reed, in David's houſe,
He ſhall not break in twain;
Nor quench therein, the ſmooking flax,
But raiſe the walls again.

6 And on his father David's throne,
He ſhall by truth and pow'r,
Maintain his glorious cauſe alone,
And reign for evermore.

HYMN CX. *Common Metre.* II. Cor. xiii.

ON CHARITY.

1 FAIR charity where doſt thou dwell,
Or where is thine abode;
Within the hermit's lonely cell?
Or with the buſy croud?

2 The cloiſter cannot be thy home,
Where ſocial virtues die;
Nor canſt thou live in ſplendid dome,
With pride, and vanity.

3 Thy

3 Thy birth is heav'nly and divine,
And from corruption free,
Therefore thy name with ſaints will ſhine,
To all eternity.

4 Thy parent is the truth of God,
As teſtify'd from heav'n;
That Jeſus is the ſon of God,
And was for ſinners giv'n.

5 Where faith receives this witneſs true,
There charity is born;
With all her graces ever new,
The chriſtian to adorn.

6 As ivy twines the oak around,
So goſpel charity;
Is with God's truth rejoicing found,
In cloſeſt unity.

7 Jeſus Jehovah's image true;
Her loveliеſt object is;
And all who bear his likeneſs too,
Partake her chaſte embrace.

8 Where truth appears without diſguiſe;
There charity is ſeen,
In friendſhip true which never dies,
But lives an ever-green.

HYMN

HYMN CXI. *Common Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 WHERE charity, or love divine,
Takes up her bleſt abode?
God's image there in brightneſs ſhines,
For love is of our God.

2 Long ſuff'ring is her genuine fruit,
And loving kindneſs too;
Mercy to ſhow, is her delight,
To friend and alſo foe.

3 When provocations foul are giv'n,
She will not harm deviſe;
But lifts her peaceful hands to heav'n,
And prays for enemies.

4 She bears the ſcandal of the croſs,
With patience, which endures
Afflictions, for the goſpel cauſe;
Thro' hope in mercies ſure.

5 Self exaltation ſhe diſdains,
Nor is puft up with pride;
Her glory is in Jeſus ſlain,
Who for tranſgreſſors died.

6 With faith unfeign'd, ſhe heartily
Believes God's holy word;
Which works in her conformity,
To Jeſus Chriſt her Lord.

7 When

7 When faith beholds, and hope enjoys,
They will no more be known;
But love ſhall laſt, when years, and days,
And time it ſelf is gone.

HYMN CXII. *Long Metre.*

1 HOW gladſome the report from heav'n,
Which goſpel tidings bring to men;
That Jeſus from the grave is ris'n,
And to his friends appear'd again!

2 Man's laſt and pow'rful enemy,
The frightful monſter, death, is ſlain;
And captive, led captivity,
When Jeſus died, and roſe again.

3 A voice from heav'n did once proclaim
Jeſus, God's well beloved ſon;
And tremb'ling earth confirm'd the ſame.
By yielding up, God's holy *One*.

4 Then Jeſus was declar'd with pow'r,
Only begotten ſon of God;
And that God's frowns for evermore,
Were drowned in the Saviour's blood.

5 When bondſman was from death releas'd,
And unto endleſs glory rais'd;
This prov'd that Juſtice was appeas'd,
And debt to th' utmoſt farthing paid.

6 As juſtice was engag'd to free,
The ſurety, when the debt was paid;
'Tis equally oblig'd to ſee,
The debtors heav'nly freemen made.

7 For if a ranſom full was giv'n,
For all their ſins, when Jeſus died;
And juſtice bring not them to heav'n,
In vain the Lord was crucify'd.

HYMN CXIII. *Common Metre.*

1 HOW glorious is the goſpel ſound,
From higheſt heav'n above!
Which publiſheth glad tidings round,
Of God's eternal love.

2 A love, which gave his only ſon,
For ſinners baſe to die;
And by his blood a peace obtain,
When ſhed on Calvary.

3 Forgiveneſs likewiſe through his name,
Is publiſh'd far and near;
The goſpel trumpets now proclaim,
The great ſabbatic year.

4 An everlaſting righteouſneſs,
The goſpel brings to view;
The vile and naked ſoul to dreſs,
With robe that's ever new.

5 Bread far more pure than angels food,
And living water too;
Ev'n Jeſu's holy fleſh and blood,
Are on God's table now.

6 A kingdom which moſt firmly ſtands,
Nor once can ſhaken be;
Extending over ev'ry land,
Thro' Goſpel glaſs we ſee.

7 And city with foundation ſure,
Where peace, and righteouſneſs;
Shall thro' eternity endure,
To crown our happineſs.

HYMN CXIV. *Long Metre.*

1 WHILE in this vale of tears below,
Our duty is to ſing his praiſe;
By whom ſalvation's ſtreams do flow,
From the wide ocean of free-grace.

2 Jeſus from all eternity,
Was object of God's love, and choice;
In everlaſting proſpect he
Did with the ſons of men rejoice.

3 The fathers ſaw Immanuel's day,
And did the truth thereof confeſs;
While ſtrangers here, and pilgrims they,
No certain dwellings did poſſeſs,

4 The

4 The day of better things is come,
And now the riches of that grace;
Which led the fathers ſafely home,
Thro' glaſs is view'd with open face.

5 Shall we deſpiſe the glorious day,
Or negligent thereon be found;
When free ſalvation God diſplays,
To ſinners of all nations round.

6 The goſpel is the meſſage laſt,
Which God doth unto ſinners ſend;
Rejected this, and hope is paſt,
And dreadful muſt be that man's end.

HYMN CXV. *Long Metre.*

1 COME let us join at God's command,
Worſhip unto his ſon to give;
Who lives and reigns at God's right-hand,
O'er ev'ry thing which moves and lives.

2 The brightneſs of his father's face,
And image true of what God is;
All images of God debaſe,
His character, excepting this.

3 In ev'ry age mankind have been,
To idlol-making ſtrangely giv'n;
In carved ſtocks, or mental forms,
To repreſent the God of heav'n.

4 Which practice did moſt groſly change,
The glory of the Lord of hoſts;
To creature likeneſs, forms moſt ſtrange,
Whereby God's character was loſt.

5 Confounded be all molten Gods,
And ev'ry idol-maker too;
Who now rejects the living word,
The image of Jehovah true.

6 We ſee the father in the ſon,
Where ev'ry attribute divine;
Is manifeſted there alone,
And in their full perfection ſhine.

7 Where honour is to Jeſus giv'n,
The father honour'd is thereby;
And ev'ry ſaint which ſings in heav'n,
Proves this great truth inceſſantly.

HYMN CXVI. *Long Metre.*

1 ANGELS of light in heav'n above,
Sing pure and undiſembl'd love;
With faces vail'd continually,
They holy! holy! holy cry!

2 Worthy is he upon the throne,
To wear the never fading crown;
And reign with univerſal ſway,
In righteouſneſs thro' endleſs day.

3 He

3 He kept us in our firſt eſtate,
And ranſom'd men from bondage great;
When he deſcended from his throne,
And was with them made fleſh and bone.

4 Thus ſing the bleſt angelic quire,
Who never felt impure deſire;
And ſhall not men their voices raiſe,
In loftier ſtrains, to ſing his praiſe.

5 Who paſſed by the num'rous hoſt
Of fallen angels, who had loſt
The favour of their God, thro' ſin,
And left to periſh ſtill therein.

6 For he who was in form of God,
Only partook in fleſh and blood;
With Abra'ms ſeed the choſen race;
To ſave it thro' his Sov'reign grace.

7 This free diſcriminating love,
Will an eternal ſubject prove,
For praiſe, throughout eternity,
To Jeſu's heav'n-born family.

HYMN CXVII. *Long Metre.*

1 ALL ye who call upon the Lord,
And make profeſſion of his name;
Obedience yield unto his word,
And fly from ſin the chriſtian's ſhame.

2 Be not aſhamed of his croſs,
But hear his voice in this your day;
Count all your former gain but loſs,
For Chriſt, the truth, the life, and way.

3 The prize is certain in the end;
To all who patiently endure
The light afflictions; which attend
The goſpel in profeſſion pure.

4 Faint not in fiery trial's hour,
But ſtedfaſt ſtand in evil days;
Nor fear the ſtrength of adverſe pow'r;
Tho' earth and hell oppoſe your ways.

5 Jeſus in ev'ry age has been,
Th' offenſive rock, and ſtumb'ling ſtone;
But never yet that day was ſeen,
When faith and truth were overthrown.

6 God's word remains foundation ſure,
For ev'ry tremb'ling faithful ſoul;
To reſt himſelf thereon ſecure,
When floods ariſe, and billows roll.

7 Glorious the goſpel cauſe indeed,
Noble they are engag'd therein;
Their captain will to vict'ry lead,
Both babes and ſucklings foll'wing him.

HYMN

HYMN CXVIII. *Long Metre.*

1 IS Jeſu's blood and righteouſneſs
Sufficient, now to juſtify?
A guilty ſinner in diſtreſs,
O'erwhelm'd with ſin, and miſery.

2 God's faithful word the anſwer gives;
Which ſtandeth firm for evermore;
He, who on Jeſus Chriſt believes,
His ſins remember'd are no more.

3 But blotted from the book of God,
And placed unto the account
Of Jeſus, who, once gave his blood,
A ranſom price on Calv'ry's mount.

4 He, who believes ſhall never die,
The faithful witneſs teſtifies;
But live to all eternity,
That life which in Gods favour lies.

5 Thro' faith in Chriſt the ſinner ſees;
A God well pleaſed in his ſon,
Which ſight the guilty conſcience frees,
From guilt, and condemnation.

6 No reſt for guilty ſouls, but here;
All other refuges' are lies:
This can diſpel deſpairing fears,
And raiſe a hope which never dies.

7 The fountain opened for ſin,
Which ſtandeth open night and day;
Is that Betheſda's pool wherein,
Our daily ſins are waſh'd away.

HYMN CXIX. *Common Metre.*

A FUNERAL HYMN.

1 FOOLISH and vain is mortal man,
To fix his hopes below;
When life's contracted to a ſpan,
And fill'd with grief and woe.

2 Death like a cruel tyrant reigns,
With univerſal ſway;
And with his darts, and killing pains,
Obtains the deſtin'd prey.

3 The grey-hair'd ſinner, with the ſaint,
To duſt alike are brought:
Thro' evil days, and dire complaints
'Till nature is worn out.

4 The child who glows with ſap of life,
From death no pity finds;
Nor mother's tears, nor father's ſighs,
Can move the tyrant's mind.

5 As noxious vapours with the wind,
Deſtroy the bloſſoms fair:
So choiceſt buds of human kind,
Are blaſted ev'ry where.

6 But

6 But goſpel gives a ground of hope,
To ſinners far and near;
That Jeſus will our duſt raiſe up,
And wipe away all tears.

HYMN CXX.

1 COME brethren let us ſing with joy,
The glorious croſs which we enjoy,
Thro' our great Saviour's name:
Conformed unto him our head,
Alive with him, and with him dead,
Let us deſpiſe the ſhame.

2 The ſhame which always did attend,
The goſpel pure, and without end,
Will its companion be:
Where Jeſus is confeſſed God,
Who finiſh'd by his ſhedding blood,
Redemption's myſtery.

3 Where faith in the record divine,
Is own'd for true, and genuine,
The apoſtolic faith:
But neither feet, nor eyes, nor hands,
Nor inſtrument which man commands,
But the belief of truth.

4 Where faith is call'd upon to prove,
Its origin divine, by love;
Which in obedience ſtands:
A love which always doth rejoice,
With goſpel truths in heart, and voice,
But frowns at man's commands.

5 Where ſov'reign grace which freely gave,
God's only ſon a world to ſave;
Thro' righteouſneſs and blood,
Is own'd; as freely men to ſave,
As Jeſus Chriſt it freely gave,
And reconcile to God.

6 Who ſhall theſe doctrines pure, maintain,
Muſt from the world expect diſdain;
And the old enmity.
The *Antinomian* looſe will ſneer,
When duties and commands he hears,
And cry out liberty,

7 The Phariſee will ſhake his head,
At a redemption finiſhed,
And treat with pious ſcorn,
That truth which tends for to deſtroy,
His confidence and ſelf-wrought joy;
Leaving him all forlorn.

8 Yours is but ſatan's faith he'll cry,
Your grace of Antinomian dye,
Without experience found.
The infidel who dares deny,
The ſon of God's divinity,
Will hiſs our goſpel ſound.

9 But let us friends with patience bear
The royal croſs, nor faint, nor fear
At the religious frown:
For tho' caſt down, we're not deſtroy'd,
Nor yet forſaken of our God,
Altho' we dwell alone.

The end of the FIRST PART.

THE FOLLOWING

HYMNS

ARE PUBLISHED

By CHRISTOPHER BATTY.

With two POEMS ſubjoined.

And they ſung a new ſong. Rev. v. 9.

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

PART II.

HYMN I. *Long Metre.*

1 COME all, who for ſalvation wait,
With burning lamp and girded loin;
Help me to ſing the ſuff'ring great,
Of him who ſprung from David's line.

2 Born in a ſtable—matchleſs love!
Circl'd with brutal creatures round;
A manger did his cradle prove;
Whom heaven till then could never bound.

3 Subject unto his parents, he,
Till thrice ten years were paſt and gone;
Then ent'ring on his miniſtry;
He prov'd himſelf God's only ſon.

4 Bye

4 Eyes to the blind; feet to the lame;
A ſtriking proof of ſov'reign pow'r;
He cool'd the ſtubborn fever's flame,
And ſtill'd the ocean's noiſy roar,

5 Enough to give convincing proof,
His diſpenſation was divine:
Yet ſome at him did mock and laugh,
Others to him preferr'd their ſwine.

HYMN II. *Long Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 WHEN Jeſu's life was near expir'd;
That he a ſacrifice muſt fall,
Into the garden he retir'd;
And on his ſire for help did call.

2 His ſoul, o'erwhelm'd with helliſh pain,
As man, he ſeem'd aſide to ſtart,
Blood preſs'd from his unopen'd veins,
And racking anguiſh broke his heart.

3 Deſerted by his father dear,
His friends forſook their Lord and fled:
Judas ſteals to the croud, and there,
For thirty pence his Lord betray'd.

4 At Pilate's bar they him arraign,
Meek as a lamb he patient ſtood:
Unjuſtly then they him him condemn,
Thirſting like rav'ning wolves for blood.

5 Pilate

5 Pilate o'erpower'd, yields Jeſus up;
A prey into their murd'ring hands,
Decree'd to drink the bitter cup,
Squeez'd out by God's avenging hand.

6 His penſive friends at diſtance ſtood;
A moving ſight for them to ſee,
Their maſter cover'd o'er with blood:
And faſt'ned to the fatal tree.

7 Beneath God's wrath three hours he hung,
Tortur'd beyond each human thought;
And by the rude unthinking throng;
Derided, mock'd, and ſet at nought.

8 His ſide his pierc'd—a ſtream ſpouts forth,
By *Horeb's rock* once typify'd:
A fountain of infinite worth,
A laver this to cleanſe his bride.

9 'Tis done—'tis finiſh'd—Jeſus cries;
Earth ſeem'd to ſhudder *at the ſound*;
He dies—the heav'nly lover dies!
Good news to nations all around.

HYMN III. *Long Metre.*

1 AND is that moment drawing near?
When time itſelf ſhall ceaſe to be;
Muſt all the human race appear?
'Fore him who dy'd on Calvary.

2 Yes,

2 Yes, this God's word doth teſtify,
And nothing can reverſe the doom;
There's an appointed time to die
For all; then muſt the judgment come.

3 And muſt thou O my ſoul be there?
Muſt thou be call'd on to attend?
Muſt thou the awful trumpet hear?
And ſee the flaming judge deſcend.

4 Muſt thou behold the Almighty's hand?
The ſacred records there unfold:
And ſee ten thouſand round him ſtand;
Array'd in crowns more bright than gold.

5 And muſt thou ſee the throng divide?
Some ſinking baniſh'd far from God.
Others with him aloft do *ride*:
And take their ſeats in his abode.

6 Then ſeek a covering while here,
My ſoul; thy nakedneſs to hide:
That when the trumpet ſpeaks him near,
Thou may'ſt be ſharer with his bride.

7 The work is done—the ranſom's paid;
Heav'n owns 'tis juſt; who dares gain ſay?
All who're in *Jeſu's robe* array'd,
Will boldly face the trying day.

HYMN

HYMN IV. *Long Metre.*

1 GOD once in mercy did provide,
A pool for his peculiar tribe;
To cure diſorders of each kind,
Ev'n with'red, maimed, deaf, and blind.

2 But ſtill a more amazing plan,
God has contriv'd for rebel man;
Wrought out by his beloved ſon,
When he our nature had put on.

3 One perſon only was made whole,
After the moving of that pool:
But Peter when through Jeſu's name
He ſpoke, three thouſand were made clean.

4 The cures effected by the pool,
Were but in body; not in ſoul;
But Jeſu's wounds ſtand open wide,
And ſouls herein are purify'd.

5 The cures which by the pool were made,
Were all without the creatures aid;
So all who have no worth to bring,
By Jeſu's blood can be made clean.

6 Come then, for why, God's word doth call,
This heav'nly pool's prepar'd for all;
'Tis not an angel, but the ſon,
Who has in mercy once ſtep'd down,

7 Say

7 Say not, who ſhall aſcend on high,
To bring this great ſalvation nigh:
In heart believe; with tongue confeſs,
"JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

HYMN V. *Long Metre.*

1 WHEN Pentecoſt was fully come;
And Jeſu's flock aſſembled were;
All one in heart, and one in tongue,
The promis'd bleſſing did appear.

2 A ſudden ſound from heav'n was heard,
As of a ruſhing mighty wind:
And fiery cloven tongues appear'd;
To lighten each diſciple's mind.

3 Fill'd with the heav'nly comforter,
They boldly ſpeak, in Jeſu's name;
Th' aſſembled croud aſtoniſh'd hear:
And many catch the gracious flame.

4 But others mocking did deride,
And ſpurn'd thoſe glorious truths away:
Theſe men are fill'd with wine they cry'd,
Who therefore will attention pay.

5 Hereby is evidently ſhown,
The bias of the carnal mind:
Each goſpel truth remains unknown,
Until the heart's by grace inclin'd.

6 Then

6 Then praiſe the lamb who has wrought out,
Salvation unconfin'd, and free;
For all who to his ſceptre ſtoop,
For all who to him bow the knee.

HYMN VI. *Long Metre.* NUM. 22.

1 WHEN tidings reached Balak's ear,
That God's inheritance prevail'd
O'er Baſhan's monarch; ſudden fear
His haughty heart forthwith aſſail'd.

2 By gifts repeated he obtains,
Th' unrighteous prophet to draw nigh:
Whom Balak from the neighb'ring plains,
Shows where his dreaded foes did lie.

3 Curſe me the men, was Balak's cry;
The men who cover yonder plain:
Leaſt raſhly they approach too nigh,
And over me advantage gain.

4 Altars were rear'd, and bullocks ſlain;
And Balaam ſtood to wait on God.
Who laugh'd at the inchantment vain,
And wou'd not change his mind by blood.

For God had ſpoke to Balaam firſt;
See thou don't curſe the tribes at all:
How cou'd his word then be revers'd?
How cou'd he hear a diff'rent call.

6 Contrary

6 Contrary to the king's requeſt,
How does he utter forth this cry;
How ſhall I curſe whom God hath bleſt?
Or how God's choſen tribes defy?

7 I from the ragged rocks him ſee,
From yonder's hill I him behold;
His dwellings in proſperity:
He 'mong the nations can't be told.

8 Who can the duſt of Jacob count?
Or who can Iſrael's borders ſcan?
It does all human thought ſurmount,
It far out-reaches finite man.

9 Let me, oh let me die the death;
Of thoſe who truly righteous are;
Let me reſign my lateſt breath,
Like thoſe who ſhall God's favour ſhare.

HYMN VII. *Long Metre.*

BALAAM'S SECOND PROPHECY.

1 WHEN Balaam did from Piſgah's hill,
Behold the ranſom'd tribes from far;
He ſtood to wait th' Almighty's will,
That he his meſſage might declare.

2 Commiſſion'd then, he thus doth cry
Contrary to the king's intent;
God's not a man that he ſhould lie,
Nor can he like vain man repent.

3 Hath

3 Hath he his changeleſs word reveal'd?
Hath he proclaim'd his grand decree?
How can it ever be repeal'd?
If ſo it is not verity.

4 God does in his beloved ſee
No ſtain; tho' ſcorn'd by nations round;
Devoid of all iniquity,
Compleat ſhe in her huſband's found.

5 The Lord in his aſſembly reigns,
Shouts of a king among'ſt 'em are;
In ſafety then he muſt remain,,
Protected by th' Almighty's care.

6 Sure no inchantment can be found,
Againſt his Jacob, no he's free,
For God has hedg'd his garden round,
And deigns the door-keeper to be.

7 Behold the people ſhall ariſe,
Like roaring lions fierce and ſtrong;
Their dread ſhall nations round ſurpriſe,
And conquering they ſhall march along.

8 He ſhall not couch till th' prey he eat,
And drink the blood of thoſe who fall;
Their God's to them a ſafe retreat,,
Their God to them is all in all.

HYMN VIII. *Long Metre.*

BALAAM'S THIRD PROPHECY.

1 HOW does the rapt'rous prophet cry,
When viewing God's peculiar train;
Thy tents, thy curtains rear'd on high,
Jacob, how goodly they remain.

2 As teeming valleys ſtretched out,
As gardens by the water ſide,
As goodly cedars tall and ſtout;
So God's plantation does abide.

3 He ſtill ſhall pour his waters forth,
And all his ſeed ſhall catch the ſtream;
From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north;
All, all ſhall feel th' enliv'ning beam.

4 His kingdom ſhall exalted be,
For why his king is mighty God:
To whom all once muſt bow the knee,
Or feel the vengance of his rod.

5 God brought him from th' Egyptian land,
Strengthen'd like to an unicorn:
All nations who did him withſtand,
Were by his captain overthrown.

6 He as a lion fierce, lay down
Couching, who dares his peace moleſt:
Curſt be all thoſe who on him frown,
But thoſe who bleſs him ſhall be bleſt,

7 I once

7 I once ſhall ſee him but not now,
I ſhall behold him but not near;
A ſtar ſhall out of Jacob grow,
Which ſhall a laſting ſceptre bear,

8 Whoſe vaſt dominion ſhall extend,
To realms remote from ſhore to ſhore:
Unchang'd, unſhaken without end,
Till fleeting periods are no more.

HYMN IX. *Long Metre.*

1 BLEST is the man divinely bleſt,
Whoſe numerous ſins are all forgiven;
Of inward peace he is poſſeſt:
And chear'd with ſweet foretaſtes of heaven.

2 Bleſt is the man to whom the Lord,
Imputeth not iniquity;
Who daily liſtens to God's word,
And by the ſon of God's made free.

3 Born from above; he with diſdain
Views all fleſh pleaſing ſcenes below:
Determin'd he the prize to gain,
Determin'd Jeſus Chriſt to know.

4 Lives in; yet does not love this ſcene,
This ſolitary wilderneſs:
His ways to moſt do madneſs ſeem,
By moſt they're counted fooliſhneſs.

5 Yet he a kingdom has in ſight,
Which jarring mortals can't o'erturn;
An object that does yield delight,
Who once did here on earth ſojourn.

6 To him attach'd he on doth preſs,
Has meat to eat by moſt unknown:
Sees nought but Jeſu's righteouſneſs,
Can ſcreen him from the wrath to come.

7 The work which Jeſus finiſh'd has,
Relieves when trials him aſſail;
He lives not by what once he was,
But by God's word that cannot fail.

8 On this his faith unſhaken ſtands,
From hence a lively hope does flow;
Pays due regard to God's commands,
And thus he doth to manhood grow.

9 And when the king of terrour comes,
He nothing has to ſay but this;
Lord let thy mercy lead me home,
Or elſe I am debarr'd of bliſs.

HYMN X. *Long Metre.* Isa. 55.

1 HO! every one that thirſteth come,
Come to the living waters now;
All may however poor find room,
All may their healing virtues know.

2 Your money wherefore do ye ſpend,
For that which is not bread; oh why,
Do you ſtill fooliſhly contend,
For that which cannot ſatisfy.

3 All thoſe who do attention give;
Shall feed in paſtures without fear;
All, I have ſworn, ſhall ever live,
All who this invitation hear.

4 With thoſe I'll make a covenant,
Even David's mercies ever ſure;
Of this I never will recant:
It ſhall from age to age endure.

5 For lo! my dear anointed one,
I for this gracious end have given:
Their captain he ſhall lead them on,
Till they mount up to yonder heav'n.

6 Nations who now in darkneſs roam,
And down to breathleſs idols fall:
Shall at this invitation come,
Shall gladly hear this gracious call.

7 For God hath glorify'd his ſon;
Behold him ſit on yonder's throne:
His favourite *Rachel* he hath won,
By his Almighty arm alone.

8 Then ſeek him while he may be found,
Call on the Lord while he is near:
No longer trace ſin's tireſome round.
For why perhaps his coming's near.

HYMN XI. *Long Metre.*

1 WHerewith ſhall ſinners vile draw near,
Before a great heart-ſearching God;
Shrouded in what? ſhall they appear:
When the laſt trumpet ſounds aloud.

2 Shall altars rear'd by prieſtly hands?
And crouded rams in groans expire:
Th' approaching day of wrath withſtand,
And turn away God's flaming ire.

3 Shall calves, or ſtreams of oil refin'd,
The ſpreading leproſie eraſe;
Can theſe relieve a burthen'd mind,
Or give a wounded conſcience peace,

4 Shall higheſt pledges of God's love,
If offer'd, calm his frowning brow?
No, all would inſufficient prove,
For to retrieve his favour now.

5 Who then can ſaved be? or where
Muſt wounded ſouls for ſhelter fly?
How muſt they get releas'd from fear;
And ſafe from ſtorms at anchor lie.

6 In Jeſus God reſts ſatisfy'd,
His pleaſure proſper'd in his hand:
Believe and you are juſtify'd,
Then walk by faith in each command.

HYMN XII. *Long Metre.*

1 ALL ye who have the croſs took up,
When heavy trials you ſurround;
To your once tempted Lord look up,
Where ſure relief is to be found.

2 He waded through a ſea of grief,
Before he reach'd the wiſh'd for ſhore:
He murmurs not to ſend relief,
To thoſe who truſt unto his power.

3 When holy *Daniel* was arraign'd,
Through envy at the royal bar;
How nobly was his cauſe maintain'd.
By him who guides each ſparkling ſtar,

4 Though to the hungry lions thrown,
Yet guided by Almighty ſkill;
Lamb-like they on the prophet fawn,
And ſtood ſubmiſſive to God's will.

5 Likewiſe we find the holy three;
Who would not bend to Babel's God?
Unſhaken by the king's decree,
Firm in their maſter's cauſe they ſtood.

6 The heated furnace dreadful roar,
Could not their ſteadineſs diſmay;
They walk'd upheld by ſov'reign pow'r,
When lambient flames did round them play.

7 Let us their bright example trace,
God's arm unſhort'ned doth remain:
They ever now behold God's face,
Free from all trials grief or pain.

HYMN XIII. *Long Metre.* SAM. 17.

1 WAS there a cauſe that Jeſſe's ſon,
Should leave his father's houſe and flock,
And down unto the armies run,
Gath's vaunting *hero* to attack?

2 Yes, he who Iſrael's hoſt did ſcorn,
And their delivering God blaſpheme:
By David's arm was overthrown,
And breathleſs laid upon the plain.

3 But greater cauſe there was that one
Superiour to *Jeſſe's* ſon,
Should leave his father's glorious throne,
And put our human nature on.

4 Far man had ſold himſelf for nought,
And his ſucceſſors all inchain'd;
But Jeſus came the battle fought,
And full deliverance obtain'd.

5 Captivity he captive led;
And from the mighty took the prey,
And ſuff'ring in the ſinner's ſtead,
He bore his Zion ſav'd away.

6 When

6 When David had Goliah ſlain,
The king a royal bride beſtow'd;
So Jeſus by his bitter pain,
Obtain'd a ſpouſe by ſhedding blood.

7 This is the ſeed who him ſhall ſerve,
And to his laws allegiance pay:
Whom he in ſafety will preſerve,
And raiſe her up at the laſt day.

HYMN XIV. *Long Metre.* JONAH I.

1 WHEN God his word to Jonah ſent,
And bid him haſte to Nineveh;
To warn the people to repent,
Behold! he turns a diff'rent way.

2 But God's all-ſeeing eye purſu'd,
The prophet in his full career;
Puniſh'd his baſe ingratitude,
By raiſing of a ſtorm ſevere.

3 Each ſhipman to his God did cry,
Yet none God's meſſenger could tame:
The gath'ring waves like mountains high,
Threat'ned deſtruction as they came.

4 Jonah unconſcious of the ſtroke;
Slept ſafe within the floating wood:
The fright'ned ſhipmen him awoke,
And bid him call upon his God.

5 I am the cauſe the prophet cries,
Why God's diſpleaſure now appears:
I from my gracious God did fly,
Throw me but o'er the ſtorm will clear.

6 This done, forthwith a calm enſu'd;
The wond'ring crew aſtoniſh'd ſtood;
And as their journey they purſu'd,
They own'd and fear'd the prophet's God.

7 But God in mercy did provide
A fiſh, to bear him ſafe to land:
Where out of darkneſs Jonah cry'd
To God, and own'd his gracious hand.

8 For Jonah's heart ('twas very clear)
Oppos'd God's merciful decree;
He thought he would the city ſpare,
So he ſhould a falſe witneſs be.

9 May this a warning be to all,
Who ſpurn at Jeſu's ſov'reign grace;
Or dreadful once will be their fall,
Never to ſee God's glorious face.

HYMN XV. *Long Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 GOD did a ſecond time appear,
And bid the prophet haſte away:
And to the Ninevites declare,
The words which he to him ſhould ſay.

2 Jonah repairs thereto with ſpeed;
And cries e're forty days are gone,
This city for its wicked deeds,
Shall by God's arm be overthrown.

3 Th' inhabitants believ'd the cry,
And put on ſackcloth great and ſmall:
At which God turn'd a gracious eye,
And ſav'd 'em from the threat'ned thrall.

4 The ſurly prophet angry grew;
Wiſhing to be depriv'd of life;
Murm'ring that God ſhould mercy ſhew,
To each repenting Ninevite.

5 But ſee the mercy of our God,
The prophet's rage to pacify:
Forthwith prepar'd a ſhady gourd,
To ſcreen him from the ſultry ſky.

HYMN XVII. *Long Metre.*

Part third.

1 BENEATH the gourd the prophet lay,
To ſee God's ſentence verify'd;
But lo! his gourd did fade away,
God ſends a worm; the cov'ring dy'd.

2 Diſpleas'd he calls for death again,
At which God makes him this reply;
In anger why doſt thou complain,
At this my diſpenſation, why?

3 If thou to death canſt angry be,
At this for which thou took no care;
Why ſhould'ſt thou murmur thus at me,
If I repenting ſinners ſpare.

4 See here the thoughts of God and man,
How widely diff'rent they appear:
Juſt ſo 'tis with redemption's plan,
Which Jeſus finiſhed when here.

5 Man boaſts of his inherent worth;
The Saviour cries my grace is free,
If I for ſinners ſhed my blood,
The glory ſhall devolve on me.

HYMN XVII. *Long Metre.* PSALM 89.

1 WHEN God to his *Anointed one*,
Spoke in a viſion thus he ſaid;
I've rais'd on high my choſen's throne,
And help ſufficient on him laid.

2 David my ſervant have I found,
With holy oil his head I'll grace:
With joy his ſuff'ring ſhall be crown'd,
He never ſhall corruption taſte.

3 The foe o'er him ſhall not prevail,
Nor ſhall the alien him o'erpow'r;
My faithfulneſs ſhall never fail,
But him preſerve for evermore.

4 To

4 To me he ſhall my father cry:
The rock of my ſalvation Thou;
His throne ſhall be exalted high,
Above each lofty monarch's brow.

5 My covenant with him ſhall ſtand,
Fix'd as the ſun in yonder ſky.
I by my holineſs have ſworn,
And Jacob's God can never lie.

6 His ſeed in union with their king,
Shall never from my heart be torn:
They ſhall in triumph be brought in,
As trophies of my dear firſt born.

HYMN XVIII. *Long Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 IF Iſrael do my laws deſpiſe,
And my revealed will neglect:
My rod their folly ſhall ſhall chaſtize,
Yet I'll not wholly them reject.

2 How ſhall I give my Ephraim up?
He's bleſt and ſhall be bleſt indeed;
And at my table he ſhall ſup,
And be from ev'ry trial free'd.

3 Bleſt are the people then who know,
The glorious goſpel's joyful ſound;
Onward from faith to faith they go,
Until they hear the trumpet ſound.

HYMN

HYMN XIX. *Long Metre.* PSALM 80.

1 SHEPHERD of Iſrael lend an ear,
Thou who of old didſt Joſeph guide:
Shine on each ſoul aſſembled here,
Thou who on winged winds doth ride.

2 A noble *vine* of old thou led,
In ſafety from th' Egyptian land,
Through ev'ry nation terrour ſpread,
Who did their deſtin'd march withſtand.

3 Its boughs like to the cedar tall,
(As was foretold by Iſaac's ſon)
Did flouriſh o'er each neighb'ring wall,
Enliven'd by the genial ſun.

4 Led by their *Chief* through dangers round,
While heark'ning to God's holy word:
Starting aſide he on them frown'd;
And gave them up to be abhor'd.

5 Yet mindful of the contract made,
He to his promiſe did prove true;
Looking upon their faithful head,
He brought his offspring ſafely through.

6 The heathen he did diſpoſſeſs,
And for his Iſrael didſt make room;
With teeming vallies did them bleſs,
And ſhower'd peculiar ſavours down.

7 But

7 But when they from his ſtatutes ſwerv'd,
The boar out of the foreſt came:
Bore down the fence which them preſerv'd,
Until they look'd to him again.

8 Then let us warning take hereby,
And ſteady walk in each command:
That when the heav'ns away ſhall fly.
We boldly may before him ſtand.

HYMN XX. *Long Metre.* PSALM 68.

1 OH let our gracious God ariſe,
Let all his foes confounded be:
As ſmoke 'fore cooling breezes flies,
So drive the wicked far from thee.

2 But let the righteous nation ſing,
To JAH, eternal ſongs of praiſe;
Who reigns in heav'n victorious king,
Though death did once his head debaſe.

3 A father of the fatherleſs,
The widow's cauſe he takes in hand;
Kind to relieve in all diſtreſs:
Whoſe eyes are fix'd on his command.

4 When through the deſart Iſrael went,
Their captain he their *ſun* and *ſhield*;
His pow'rful hand the marble rent,
And water to his flock did yield.

5 Earth

5 Earth ſhook to ſee the tribes go through,
Favour'd by God's dread preſence there;
Even Sina's tow'ring head did bow,
When the Almighty did appear.

6 God gave the word, forthwith appear'd
Numbers, the tidings to proclaim:
Even lofty monarch's heard and fear'd,
And ſhow'd ſubjection to his name.

7 Let the ſame word Almighty God,
Dwell richly in thy ſervants here;
Anoint us with thy precious blood,
That we abiding fruit may bear.

HYMN XXI. *Long Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 THE chariots of our conquering king,
Are twice ten thouſand ſtrong in pow'r,
Even angels who around him ſing;
And execute his will each hour.

2 Thou Lord haſt climb'd the lofty ſky,
And is ſet down at God's right hand;
Captive thou ledd'ſt captivity,
And gifts receiv'd for rebel man.

3 Then praiſe him all ye nations wide,
Proclaim the everlaſting worth,
Of him who on the clouds doth ride,
And guides the chambers of the north.

4 Let *Iſrael* over whom he reigns,
And who his choiceſt bleſſings ſhare;
Still glory in his ſaving name:
And ſerve him with and without fear.

HYMN XXII. *Long Metre.* NUM. 16—6.

1 WHEN Korah and his company,
Oppos'd the Mediator's power;
Th' Almighty heard his ſervant's cry,
And help'd him in the needy hour.

2 God ſpake; the ground aſunder rent,
Dreadful to ſee the rebels fall!
Quick to the pit they all were ſent,
Their children, cattle, ſtuff, and all.

3 An emblem this of our dear Lord,
When he'll a ſecond time appear;
All now who trample on his word,
Shall trembling then to him draw near.

4 If all without exception fell,
Who did at Moſes' 'miſſion ſpurn;
How ſhall we now eſcape a hell,
If we refuſe to hear the ſon.

5 Whoſe kind compaſſion brought him down,
Veiling in fleſh his glory bright;
Aton'd for crimes but not his own,
Here's love beyond or depth, or height.

6 Fury's now from Jehovah fled;
For why, the lamb has ſtood the ſhock;
Rejoice, he's riſen from the dead,
Now there's for all a door of hope.

HYMN XXIII. *Long Metre.* PSALM. 90.

1 LORD thou haſt been our ſafe abode;
Before each lofty hill was rear'd,
From everlaſting thou art God,
And ſhould by all be lov'd and fear'd.

2 Thou pulls our tabernacles down,
Like graſs before the mowers hand;
Thou calls again; all fleſh return,
And muſt at thy tribunal ſtand.

3 Then teach us Lord to meaſure out
With care, our threeſcore years and ten:
That wiſdom's ways we may find out,
And having found 'em, walk therein.

4 Us with thy mercy ſatisfy,
That we therein may joyful be;
Take up our croſs continually,
And Abraham-like, ſtill follow thee.

5 The work effected by thy hand,
Still let it all our ſouls o'erpower:
That at thy footſtool we may ſtand,
Objects of mercy every hour.

HYMN

HYMN XXIV. *Long Metre.* CAN. 8.

1 WHO's this that comes from yonder plain,
Leaning on her beloved friend,
'Tis Jeſu's flock; and therefore claim,
His kind aſſiſtance her to lend.

2 When ſhe a bankrupt was, and ſtain'd
By crimes, too flagrant to recount:
A full deliverance he obtain'd,
And gave his life on her account.

3 How can ſhe then but him admire?
How can ſhe but enamour'd be
With him; who ſav'd her from hell-fire,
And dy'd to gain her liberty.

4 An union this ſo firm and ſure,
As cannot be by *Hell* o'erthrown:
To everlaſting 'twill endure,
When nature's fabrick tumbles down.

5 Attach'd to him (by faith) while here,
She on his word unſhaken ſtands;
Hoping when he again appears,
To ſhare the ſweets of Canaan's land.

6 No wonder then that ſhe ſhould lean
On him, along this wilderneſs;
No wonder that ſhe ſhould maintain
With him, ſuch intimate acceſs.

7 Whatever object would engroſs,
Or cauſe her heart from him to ſlide;
She counts 'em all but dung and droſs,
Still glorying in him crucify'd.

8 Thrice happy then are thoſe ev'n here,
To whom ſuch favours are made known;
And when he does again appear,
They will him know as they are known.

HYMN XXV. *Long Metre.*

1 WE who aſſembled are to day,
In our dear Lord and maſter's name;
It is to read, to praiſe, and pray,
And celebrate the Saviour's fame.

2 Tho' millions no attention pay
To him; but trample on his worth;
Yet bears he uncontrouled ſway,
For at his word all things ſtood forth.

3 When all had ſold themſelves for nought,
And far from God eſtranged were;
His conquering arm ſalvation brought,
Unhelp'd by either ſword, or ſpear.

4 His mean appearance wrought diſdain,
His lowly mind provok'd to ſcorn,
Yet th' Eaſtern ſages guided came,
T'adore the heavenly child when born.

5 He

5 He lowly on an aſs did ride,
Twelve mean attendants round him throng;
Sufficient this to ſtain the pride,
Of thoſe who've learned Canaan's ſong.

6 May we with faith and patience trace,
Thoſe footſteps in his word laid down;
Unſhaken walk from grace to grace,
Until we graſp the ſtarry crown.

HYMN XXVI. *Long Metre.*

1 WHO, who is like to thee, O Lord?
Glorious in power, and holineſs,
No mortal juſtly can record,
The many wonders of thy grace.

2 At ſundry times in divers ways,
By prophets thou of old didſt call;
But now to us in theſe laſt days,
Thou'ſt ſpoke by him who's heir of all.

3 Declaring him the promis'd ſeed,
By whom all nations bleſſed ſtand:
By whom they are for ever free'd,
From threat'ning Juſtice vengeful hand.

4 In him thou'rt pleas'd who dare reply,
He ſatisfy'd for *Zion's* crimes,
Thou rais'd him up to teſtify,
Aſſurance unto Jacob's line.

5 His powerful word the mourner chears,
The captive exile he reſtores,
He ſpeaks away diſtracting fears,
And heals the wounded of his ſores.

6 That every tongue thy praiſe may ſing,
Fill every heart with heavenly fire;
And bear on eagle's mounting wing
Thy church, that ſhe may thee admire.

HYMN XXVII. *Long Metre.* PSALM 15.

1 WHO ſhall the holy hill aſcend,
Or in the awful preſence ſtand?
Of him whoſe years ne'er have an end.
Who holds the waters in his hand.

2 He who in heart and hands is clean,
From every ſpot of ſin quite free,
Whoſe tongue doth ſpeak the thing he means,
Devoid of all hypocriſy,

3 Who in his God rejoycing is,
Whoſe heart the love of God doth fill.
This is the man and only this,
Shall boldly climb the holy hill.

4 But who has this character gain'd?
Of all the ſons of Adam's race;
Not one; for ſin the whole has ſtain'd,
And all their glory is defac'd.

5 Yet

5 Yet lo! amongſt the countleſs throng,
A man from David's root appears;
By the Almighty's hand made ſtrong,
The puniſhment of ſin to bear.

6 In him the promiſes of God,
As lines within a circle meet;
Aſſuming feeble fleſh and blood,
To gain a RIGHTEOUSNESS compleat,

7 He dy'd, but roſe to live again,
Th' eternal doors threw open wide,
Of every tribe redeem'd a train,
To be his happy ranſom'd bride.

HYMN XXVIII. *Long Metre*

1 SEE Jeſus clad in garments ſtain'd!
Who bore the curſe and took the prey;
From him who all mankind had gain'd;
And nobly bore them ſav'd away:

2 At juſtice bar he ſurety ſtood,
Charg'd with offences not his own;
He freely ſpilt his precious blood,
And roſe to prove the work was done.

3 Hear then each nation, kindred, tongue,
Hear the Almighty's powerful cry;
"This is my well beloved ſon
"In whom I'm pleas'd continually."

4 Your warfare he accompliſh'd hath,
Made a full end of ſin and woe;
Forever quench'd my kindled wrath,
Open'd the ſealed book alſo.

5 Be this your confidence and joy,
Center'd hereon, you are ſecure:
When heaven and earth away ſhall fly,
And worlds are cruſh'd—this will endure.

HYMN XXIX. *Common Metre.* JUDGES 5.

1 BEHOLD how Siſera's mother waits,
For her dear ſon's return;
Longing ſhe looks throughout the gates,
But could not ſee him come.
He, who did twice ten years and more,
Oppreſs God's choſen band;
Was nailed faſt unto the floor,
By Jael's conqu'ring hand.

2 May we from this example take,
And ſome inſtruction learn.
Daily to watch at wiſdom's gate,
Till our dear Lord return:
Souls ſhall not diſapointed prove,
Who on his word depend;
If that their faith do work by love,
And holds out to the end.

3 Although

3 Although our king's gone up on high,
The union firm doth ſtand;
Nothing can now diſſolve the tie,
He reigns at God's right hand:
Siſera fell and ſo did he,
But roſe to fall no more;
Captive he led captivity,
And reigns a conqueror.

4 Although his enemies ſeem wroth,
As if not conquered were;
Yet is the changeleſs word gone forth,
And 'twill e'er long appear,
That Babel and her children all.
Who Jeſus power withſtand,
At laſt ſhall meet their final fall,
Like Siſera and his band.

HYMN XXX. *Common Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 BREAK off all baſe connections then
With ſatan, world, and ſin:
And quit yourſelves like valiant men,
Your callings prize to win:
Lift up thy head thou choſen *bride*,
Redemption haſtens on;
Our great high prieſt, is juſtify'd,
And reigns on yonder throne.

2 Now

2 Now no temptation can o'ertake,
But what your brethren found,
Our high prieſt will no child forſake,
When trials them ſurround:
Eye but the truth which made you free,
Live by the word he's ſpoke,
Still manifeſt your charity;
To prove your faith and hope.

3 Riſe never in your own eſteem,
But humbly walk along;
Strive ſtill your time for to redeem,
The night is haſtening on:
So ſow that you a crop may reap,
Harveſt will ſoon appear:
Then only ſhall we gather fruit,
As we have ſown while here.

HYMN XXXI. *Common Metre.* PSA. 23.

1 THE Lord alone my ſhepherd is,
No bleſſing then I want;
He feeds me where rich paſture is,
Therefore I ſhall not faint.

2 To him I daily have acceſs,
And of his joys partake;
He leads me on in righteouſneſs,
Even for his own name's ſake.

3 What

3 What though I walk through death's dark vale,
No evil will I fear.
Whatever trials me aſſail,
His rod and ſtaff are near.

4 A plenteous table richly ſpread,
He daily has in ſtore;
With oil he does anoint my head,
And makes my cup run o'er.

5 His goodneſs, mercy, and his power,
Shall from me never ſlide;
And in his houſe for evermore,
I ſhall unmov'd abide.

6 This is the man of God's right hand,
Girded to do his will:
Who does in glory ever ſtand,
Upon God's holy hill.

7 Then ſeek no ſhelt'ring place but this,
No other Saviour own:
In him th' Almighty pleaſed is,
He's the *anointed one*.

HYMN XXIII. *Common Metre.*

1 GIVE glory to the Lord our God,
Ye mighty of the land,
Proclaim the majeſty abroad,
Of his Almighty hand.

2 His

2 His voice the flowing tide doth bound,
He ſtills the noiſy main:
He ſends the roaring thunders down,
He ſhakes each diſtant plain.

3 His voice the lofty cedars breaks,
The rocks by him are torn:
He makes them from their places leap,
Like a young unicorn.

4 At his command each pregnant hind,
Caſts forth her tender brood;
He rides upon the ſtormy wind,
And ſits upon the flood.

5 Lift up your voices then on high,
And loud hoſannah's ſing;
To him who on a croſs did die,
Salvation for to bring.

HYMN XXXIII. *Common Metre.*

1 JOIN in a ſong ye ſons of grace,
Who Zion-ward are bound;
With courage run your heav'nly race,
And ſteady keep your ground.

2 Caſt not away your confidence,
When trials you aſſail;
There is a glorious recompence,
Enter'd within the vail.

3 We live by faith, and not by ſight,
And when the truth ſhines clear;
A riſen God is our delight,
We long to perſevere.

4 We never have the leaſt demand
Of him, from laſt to firſt;
We live not by a ſtock in hand,
Yet always do we thirſt.

5 If thoughts on our attainments riſe,
If on our ſtrength we gaze;
A holy ſhame doth us ſurprize,
We ſink beneath the blaze.

6 The truth both makes and keeps us free,
(If free we are indeed)
There muſt be a conformity,
Unto our living head.

7 We've daily need of patience then,
That when God's will we've done;
We all may quit ourſelves like men,
To graſp the ſtarry crown.

8 Then look to him who for the joy,
Which once before him ſtood:
Taſted the deepeſt poverty,
Reſiſting unto blood.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIV. *Common Metre.*

1 LET all who've taſted that the Lord,
Is gracious and kind:
Daily attend unto his word,
And bear the ſame in mind.

2 They walk by faith and not by ſight,
Yet his all-ſeeing eye
Marks every ſtep by day or night;
And does each thought deſcry.

3 He the good ſhepherd is, and they
His gracious voice do know;
If ſtrangers would lead them aſtray,
They no attention ſhow.

4 If they forſaken are by friends,
On him they caſt their care:
Who when on earth he did ſojourn,
Did undergo his ſhare.

5 If in affliction's furnace try'd,
They never ſhou'd repine;
The oft'ner gold is purify'd,
The brighter doth it ſhine.

6 If thoughts on death would them affright;
They know its ſting is gone:
'Tis but a gentle call at night,
To waft 'em to his throne.

7 My

7 " My peace I give to you " he cries,
This makes amends for all:
If thirſty they, he ſends ſupplies,
When they upon him call.

8 Thus happy are the people here,
Who know and follow him;
When fix'd above they'll ever there,
In endleſs pleaſure ſwim.

HYMN XXXV. *Common Metre.*

1 WHat tongue can tell, what heart conceive,
The love our God doth bear,
To thoſe who on him do believe,
And to his laws adhere?

2 " Father I will, was Jeſu's cry,
" Thoſe whom to me thou'ſt given,
" Shall ſee my face continually,
" When they mount up to heav'n.

3 " I in them am, and thou in me;
" Who can the union break?
" How ſhould we ever parted be?
" Or who can ſeperate?

4 " When from the dead I was brought back;
" Salvation I ſecur'd;
" Whoever does my ſhips attack,
" The cargo's are enſur'd.

5 Seal'd

5 " Seal'd with the royal ſignet they,
" Who can the mark eraſe?
" They all ſhall find the *Living way*,
" Guided by ſpecial grace.

6 " Graven upon my heart they ſtand,
" Their walls I ever view:
" No pow'r can pluck them from my hand,
" Unleſs I prove untrue.

7 " On me my friends caſt all your care,
" I have ſurmounted all;
" If ſatan would your hearts enſnare,
" By faith upon me call.

8 " If poverty your portion is,
" Then I who was more poor;
" When I've tranſlated you to bliſs,
" Then all your wants are o'er.

9 " The ſervant never muſt expect,
" Above his Lord to be;
" If me they've treated with neglect,
" You muſt deſpiſed be.

10 " In patience then your ſouls poſſeſs,
" Preſs forward till I call;
" For each I have prepar'd a place,
" This makes amends for all.

HYMN XXXVI. *Common Metre.*

1 LORD we once more aſſembled are,
To hear thy gracious voice;
Thy promis'd bleſſing we would ſhare,
To make our ſouls rejoice.

2 Nought can we bring to pave our way,
When we approach thy throne;
But through th' unparallell'd diſplay
Of love, thou haſt made known.

3 When heaven's united vengeance fell
Upon thy ſoul, and where
Thou underwent the pains of hell,
Thy *guilty ſpouſe* to clear.

4 Through this alone, we now draw nigh,
Thy favours to implore;
Caſt on us Lord a gracious eye,
And make our cup run o'er.

5 Open each heart to underſtand
Thy word aright, that ſo
By being train'd in each command,
We may to manhood grow.

6 From all perverſions us prevent,
From fainting on the road;
Still keep our eye on thee intent,
As thine was on thy God.

HYMN XXXVII. *Common Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 WHEN ſatan, like a mighty flood,
Our feeble hearts aſſail:
Lift up thy ſtandard 'gainſt him Lord,
Or elſe our ſtrength will fail.

2 Thee, our forerunner may we eye,
By faith and move along;
From every baſe appearance fly,
Which ſnares the giddy throng.

3 Still looking for, and haſting to
The coming of that day;
When all his *church* ſhall be brought through,
And tears all wip'd away.

4 Where creatures though contrary here,
Shall ceaſe to jar and fight:
And all God's ſcattered people, there
Will cordially unite.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

1 ARISE ye ranſom'd virgins, riſe,
And trim your lamps while here;
Although our God's above the ſkies,
E're long he will appear.
Tokens hereof are hovering round,
His coming to diſplay;
The earth convuls'd, and wars around,
All preludes to that day.

2 Then

2 Then throw your every darling by,
Your every weight unlooſe;
Our Jeſus has a jealous eye,
Over his ranſom'd ſpouſe;
If that ſhe from her huſband ſtray,
The rod muſt uſed be:
Departing from the narrow way,
Procures her miſery.

3 Immanuel for the joy in ſight,
The croſs did here ſuſtain;
Now he's exalted 'bove all height,
And doth in glory reign;
Waiting until each branch be drawn
To him, by ſpecial grace,
Their Lord to know as they are known,
And ſee him face to face.

HYMN XXXIX. *Common Metre.*

Part ſecond.

1 IF Salem's temple made by hands,
Did *Sheba's Queen* ſurpriſe:
O how much more ſhall Canaan's land,
Raviſh our opened eyes.
There is a king not merely man,
A temple rear'd by God;
The glory there of every land,
Shall be our bleſt abode.

2 Then forward preſs unto that place,
Regardleſs of our foes,
Our captain promiſeth more grace,
To him who onward goes.
Our time will quickly have an end,
All trials ſoon will ceaſe,
Then ſhall we with our loving friend,
For ever be at peace.

HYMN XL. *Common Metre.* PSALM 22.

1 HARK! who is this that ſpeaks aloud,
With a diſtreſſing cry?
" Why haſt thou, O my God! my God!
" Forſaken me, O why?

2 " I'm like unto a crawling worm;
" A ſervant deaf and blind;
" The object of the people's ſcorn;
" Derided by mankind.

3 " Lions and bulls beſet me ronnd,
" Not one to yield relief;
" My ſoul like ſhowers on wat'ry ground,
" Swells with repeated grief.

4 " My back the cruel plowers tore,
" Until my bones appear'd;
" My tender fleſh with blood and gore,
All over was beſmear'd.

5 Look

5 " Look on me all ye that paſs by,
" Was ever grief like this;
" I fell to fetch my choſen nigh,
" And fix her in my bliſs.

6 " I roſe to give convincing proof,
" That I the work have done:
" Now there's for all a door of hope,
" Who ſtoop to kiſs the ſon."

HYMN XLI. *Common Metre.*

1 WHO's this that hangs on yonder tree,
Round whom they make their game?
Oppreſt with grief. and agony;
Loaded with ſcorn and ſhame.

2 'Tis he who through th' Egyptian land,
His tenfold vengeance flung:
When from th' oppreſſive tyrant's hand,
He call'd his firſt-born ſon.

3 Whoſe hand their troubling foes oppreſt,
Who did the ſeas divide;
And fix'd 'em in the promis'd reſt,
O'er Jordan's ſwelling tide.

4 Who in due time his godhead veil'd,
Within a robe of clay;
That love hereby might be diſplay'd,
And mercy make its way.

5 Freely on his peculiar train,
Who in their place, and ſtead,
Th' Almighty's vengeance did ſuſtain;
And for them bow'd his head.

6 For them he death, and hell o'ercame,
And every adverſe power:
That free ſalvation through his name,
Might reign for evermore.

HYMN XLII. *Common Metre.*

1 AND is that period haſtening on,
When time itſelf ſhall ceaſe?
O yes, it ſtands on record clear,
And 'twill e're long take place;
Soon, ſoon this ſcene ſhall be withdrawn,
And every eye ſhall view;
Jeſus whoſe hands with nails were torn,
Whoſe ſide was open'd too.

2 Oh how ſhould each profeſſor then,
Stand ready for the call;
Leaſt that among th' unthinking train,
They, on the left hand fall.
With a "Depart ye curſed race,
"Down into endleſs fire;
"Baniſh'd for ever from my face,
"To feel my vengeful ire."

3 Then be perſuaded all while here,
To mind what is reveal'd;
Around the ſhepherd's tent draw near,
Say not the truths are ſeal'd:
All ſhall me know, Jehovah cries,
My ſheep ſhall TRUTH diſcern,
Antient or young, or fools or wiſe,
In wiſdom's ſchool may learn.

HYMN XLIII. *Common Metre.*

1 WHAT doth beſpeak a ſinner clear,
Before a righteous God;
It is the *righteouſneſs* brought near,
Of him who ſhed his blood.
Through which, grace now triumphant reigns,
Unto eternal life,
O'er all, though ſtain'd by fouleſt ſtains,
Or fill'd with legal ſtrife.

2 But who can juſtly plead a right
To this, by what he's done?
Not one, for all in Jeſu's ſight,
Are utterly undone:
The fiery law which added was,
Until the SEED did come;
Doth ſhow our ſtains, as in a glaſs,
And leaves each boaſter dumb.

3 Then may we magnify that grace,
Which in compaſſion gave,
So rich a gift that Abram's race,
Eternal life might have.
Still may we loud hoſannahs ſing,
And for the faith contend;
Look for the coming of our king,
And trace his ſteps to th' end.

HYMN XLIV. *Common Metre.*

1 PLENTIOUS redemption in our head,
We boldly dare maintain;
Although he fell amongſt the dead,
Yet lo! he roſe again;
Rejoice, and loud hoſannah's ſing,
The grave can't terrify:
Conquering death has loſt its ſting,
The victor's gone on high.

2 Although his ranſom'd flock while here,
Know but in part, and groan,
Yet when he doth again appear,
They'll know as they are known;
Both ſoul and body then will ſhare,
The bleſſings Jeſus won:
Dear Lord, when will thoſe days appear?
When ſhall thy kingdom come?

3 Haſten

3 Haſten unto his coming then,
Ye ſervants of our Lord:
And let your light ſtill ſhine 'mongſt men,
Hold faſt the faithful word:
Study to know no God beſide,
That God in fleſh made known;
Still by this ſaving truth abide,
He's the chief CORNER STONE.

HYMN XLV. *Common Metre.*

1 WHEN God by his out-ſtretched hand,
Reſcu'd his firſt-born ſon;
From out the haughty tyrant's land,
His wonders were made known.

2 No frightful danger cou'd they dread,
While truſting in their God:
The crimſon waves obedient fled,
When Moſes wav'd his rod.

3 When on the wiſh'd-for ſhore they ſtood;
They ſaw their foes o'erthrown;
The hand that parted, clos'd the flood,
They ſink like lead or ſtone.

4 But ſoon they ceaſed to believe,
The word that ſet them free;
Forgot the favours they'd receiv'd,
And from their God did flee.

5 Then

5 Then did his kindled anger riſe,
Againſt his ranſom'd race;
So that he did his ſeed deſpiſe,
And frown'd them from his face.

6 Till pain'd by work, or pinch'd by want,
They on their God did call;
Remembring then his covenant:
He free'd them from their thrall.

7 May all who know redemption's plan,
A ſolemn warning take;
And daily reverence his name,
And watch at wiſdom's gate.

8 To know and do his perfect will,
Shou'd be our daily food;
Bear this on our remembrance ſtill,
PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

HYMN XLVI. *Common Metre.*

1 NOW is Chriſt riſen from the dead,
How joyful is the ſound;
Sure token, that the debt is paid,
And every curſe is drown'd.

2 When he death's gloomy regions lef,
He roſe diſcharg'd from thrall;
The firſt ripe ſheaf of thoſe who ſlept,
Rejoice, he's finiſh'd all.

3 View'd

3 View'd by his friends, he climb'd the ſky,
And bid heaven's gates expand;
Now lives a prieſt continually,
In heaven at God's right hand.

4 Still interceding for his *bride*,
For whom he taſted death;
That when ſhe's call'd, ſhe may not ſlide
From him, but live by faith.

5 And when each member is call'd in,
She'll then before him ſtand;
And the ſweet ſong for ever ſing,
Of Moſes and the lamb.

HYMN XLVII. *Short Metre.*

1 O Thou exalted Jeſus,
Who reign'ſt above all height;
The ſubject of the praiſes,
Of thoſe who walk in white:
Aſiſt each feeble creature,
To celebrate thy praiſe;
Who ſtoop'd to take our nature,
A ſinking race to raiſe.

2 Thou ſpoke into exiſtance,
Each hill from ſouth to north,
Thy word knew no reſiſtance,
Thou call'd and all ſtood forth,

The

The ſpacious arch of heaven,
With ſhining lamps adorn'd
By thee their courſe was given,
By thee they all were form'd.

3 The watry world around us,
Where ſcaly monſters play,
Thy ſovereign power ſtill boundeth,
Thou ſpoke they ſtill obey.
Each ſtately tree and flower,
That in the foreſt ſtand;
Were by thy ſkill and power,
In curious order plann'd.

4 Thou form'd the winged chorus,
That through the valleys glide;
And from thy bounteous ſtore-houſe,
Doſt food for all provide;
Each different herd that brouzes,
Upon a thouſand hills;
Though deſtitute of houſes,
Thy bounteous hand doth fill.

HYMN XLVIII. *Short Metre.*

Part ſecond

1 FISHES that trace the ocean,
Thy ſovereign power diſplay;
Thou giv'ſt to each their portion,
Thou hear'ſt the aſſes bray;

Thy

Thy hand the lilly cloatheſt,
Which human art excels;
Thou deck'ſt the blooming roſes,
And giv'ſt the fragrant ſmell.

2 Thou form'ſt the roaring thunder,
Thou mak'ſt the lightnings fly;
Which with amazing wonder,
Proclaim thy majeſty.
The clouds from out thy treaſures,
Bear fatt'ning ſhowers around,
And at thy gracious pleaſure,
Diſtil them on the ground,

3 Thy hand all nature governs,
By unreſiſted ſway;
Thou'rt univerſal ſovereign,
And all things thee obey:
And while the brute creation,
Adore thee in their kind;
Let us thy great ſalvation,
For ever bear in mind.

HYMN XLIX. Isa. 35.

1 HAD I Gabriel's heavenly fire,
And all th' angelic train;
To diſplay what they admire,
Even the *Redeemer's reign*;

Short,

Short, alaſs! I ſtill ſhould fall,
Like Sheba's Queen the more I ſaw,
So much more wou'd wonder riſe,
And thoughts of deepeſt awe.

2 Hark! how Amos ſon breaks out,
His worth to magnify;
" Then the wilderneſs ſhall ſhout,
" And bloom abundantly;
" Lebanon and Carmel's worth,
" Are loſt in this great myſtery;
" When this wonder does break forth,
" Its glory they ſhall ſee.

3 Hark in what a chearing ſtrain,
He further cries aloud;
" Lift the feeble hands again,
" For why, behold your God;
" Arm'd with vengeance in his breaſt.
" He all his churches' foes will foil.
" And within his glorious reſt,
" Will fix his ranſom'd ſpoil.

HYMN L.

Part ſecond.

1 " THEN ſhall thoſe who blindly walk,
" Amidſt the ways of ſin;
" Then ſhall thoſe who idly talk,
" How holy they have been;

" Change

" Change their thoughts and wondring ſtand,
" Ev'n when this glorious truth breaks in:
" Then the thirſty barren lands,
" Shall flow with living ſprings.

2 " There an highway ſhall appear,
" A way of holineſs;
" No unclean ſhall enter there,
" Thinking thereon to paſs;
Sojourners though fools eſteem'd,
Who're gather'd by th' Almighty's arm;
Who through grace he has redeem'd,
Shall walk without all harm.

3 Burſt the Babyloniſh yoke,
The ſeven-fold ſlavery;
Freed from Pharoah's heavy ſtroke,
From all oppreſſion free:
They to Zion ſhall return,
Shouting Hoſannah's to their king,
All who have this language learn'd,
Hither their ſheaves ſhall bring.

HYMN LI.

1 O How charming is the name,
Of *David's ſon and Lord*,
Who to ranſom ſinners came,
And ſheath the flaming ſword:

Which

Which was by th' offended drawn,
Juſtly 'gainſt th' offending race:
He has Zion's burthen born,
When ſtanding in her place.

2 He, the ſacrifice of worth,
Was on the Altar laid:
He the ſubſtance was ſet forth,
By offerings heav'd and wav'd:
Signs were they that Jeſu's blood,
Should different parties reconcile;
Open intercourſe with God,
In every different iſle.

3 Aaron annually appear'd,
With offerings in his hand:
To attone for crimes once clear'd,
For crimes in Judah's land.
Jeſus who a victim fell,
For ever free'd his choſen train,
Triumph'd o'er the powers of hell,
Then went to heaven again,

4 Aaron's garments all did fade,
So coſtly and ſo neat;
All in *Jeſu's robe* array'd,
For ever ſtand compleat.
Aaron's prieſt-hood diſſappear'd,
Like clouds before the riſing ſon,
Jeſus conſecrated ſits
A prieſt upon his throne.

HYMN LII.

ON THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

1 COME all ye nations ſhout and ſing,
The promis'd child is born;
He's born ſalvation for to bring,
To ſinners all forlorn;
Emblems and ſhadows are no more,
The ſubſtance now is come.
Jeſus the threat'ned curſe has bore,
And ſtood i'th ſinner's room.

2 All in the ſilent ſhades of night,
A *heavenly hoſt* were ſent;
(Circi'd around with flaming light,)
Unto the ſhepherd's tent;
Beholding which they wond'ring gaze,
Until they heard this ſound,
" Peace, peace on earth, good will always,
" Go ſpread the tidings round.

3 " Rejoice to you is born this day,
" A Saviour, Chriſt the Lord,
" Haſten to David's town, away,
" To prove our faithful word:
" This unto you ſhall be a ſign,
" Ariſe be not diſmay'd,
" And him in ſwaddling cloaths you'll find,
" Within a manger laid."

4 The angels then with heavenly cry,
Exulting did proclaim;
Glory and praiſe to God on high,
Good-will to men again:
Thus when the heavenly hoſt were fled,
The ſhepherds went and found,
The heavenly babe in manger laid,
And ſwathed all around,

HYMN LIII.

Part ſecond

1 GUIDED by a glorious ſtar,
The eaſtern ſages came,
For to find out God's character;
And reverence his name:
When they arriv'd at Beth'lem's gate,
Their guide unmoved ſtood;
And fill'd with love and wonder great,
They here found out their God.

2 'Fore him they coſtly offerings pour'd;
And with ſubmiſſive fear,
The child they joyfully ador'd;
His favour'd mother near,
Beholding him in goſpel light,
They hail'd the ſtranger down:
And thus was David's antitype,
Unto the world made known.

3 If that the angels when on earth,
Did manifeſt their joy;
Thus at the *Reconciler's* birth,
And rung God's praiſe on high;
O how! ſhou'd all the human race,
In mutual concert join;
Still magnifying ſovereign grace,
In anthems all divine.

4 Although he meanly did appear,
And was in manger laid;
Soon ſhall the trumpet ſpeak him near,
In majeſty array'd.
Then, then ſhall every eye him ſee,
How ſtriking to each mind,
His people ſhall exalted be,
All elſe he'll caſt behind.

HYMN LIV.

Another.

1 AND is the ſurety come?
Has the eternal God,
Within a favour'd virgin's womb,
Aſſum'd our fleſh and blood?

2 Shepherds who in the night,
Their flocks attending were;
Beheld an unexpected ſight,
Which ſtruck their minds with fear.

3 To you the angels cry,
Is born a Saviour dear;
In Beth'lems town you'll find him lie,
Within a manger there.

4 This done, the ſhining throng
Sprung to their native ſky;
And in melodious anthems ſung.
" Glory to God on high. "

5 The ſhepherds wond'ring fled
To Beth'lems town, and there
Found the dear child in manger laid,
His penſive mother near.

6 With reverential awe,
They adoration pay
To him, who on a bed of ſtraw,
In a mean ſtable lay.

7 Enough to ſtain the pride,
Of all the human race;
That he who on the wind doth ride;
Should thus himſelf debaſe,

8 That he who rules the ſtorm,
And rear'd all nature's frame,
In a mean ſtable ſhould be born,
Among the brutal train.

9 That he who knew no ſin;
Should be a ſinner made;
That RIGHTEOUSNESS he might bring in,
When he the ranſom paid.

10 Think, O my ſoul! then think,
On this amazing plan;
And down in deep abaſement ſink,
Before the great God-man.

HYMN LV. *Short Metre.*

1 HOW awful is thy name,
Dread ſovereign Lord of all?
Thy law like to a fiery flame,
For vengeance loud did call.

2 How dreadful when thou ſpake,
On Sinai's burning hill;
The whole aſſembly fear, and quake,
The ſight's ſo terrible.

3 None might too near approach,
Thy preſence wont allow;
If man, or beaſt, the hill did touch,
The word was "thruſt it through."

4 But we're on no ſuch ground,
Where tempeſts fiercely roll;
Nor where the trumpet harſhly ſounds,
To fright the guilty ſoul.

5 Rejoice, we now are come
To Salem, from above;
Her walls are fire, her gates are praiſe,
Her ſtreets are pav'd with love.

6 And to a countleſs croud
Of angels, ſhining bright;
Who hover for a guardian cloud,
Around the ſons of light.

7 Then dry up every tear,
And baniſh all our dread;
For why, the blood of ſprinkling's near,
Which does for mercy plead.

HYMN LVI. *Short Metre.*

1 REJOICE ye blood-bought train,
Your ſurety and your king;
Triumphantly is ris'n again,
And free'd death of its ſting.

2 Beneath the curſe he fell,
Loaded with mocks and ſcorn;
Yet was his ſoul not left in hell,
But roſe as God's firſt-born,

3 Then ſinner turn thine eye
To God's *elect*, and live;
He calls aloud, "why will ye die,
"Father forgive, forgive."

4 Crimes

4 Crimes of a crimſon ſtain,
By him can be forgiv'n;
Believe, rejoice, the *lamb* is ſlain,
And reigns in yonder heaven.

5 What though his children here,
By trials are bow'd down;
" Look and be ſav'd, " come without fear,
He'll not his word diſown.

6 " 'Tis true a mother may,
" Her offſpring diſeſteem; "
But Jeſus cannot turn away
From her he has redeem'd.

7 " Let my right hand " he cries
" From ſkill and cunning part,
" If *Salem's Daughter* I diſpiſe,
" She's graven on my heart. "

8 Then live to love your king,
With all his ſayings cloſe;
E're long he his reward will bring;
And ſilence all his foes.

HYMN LVII. Hab. 3.

1 " LORD God Almighty, I have heard,
" Thy powerful voice, and was afraid,
" Fear ſhook my fleſhly frame.
" Revive thy work, thy power make known,
" In wrath let mercy ſtill be ſhown;
" That all may love thy name.

2 " God from the land of Teman came,
" His glory like a fiery flame,
" The heavenly arch did shroud.
" Earth did exult in songs of praise;
" His majesty in flaming blaze,
" Extended all abroad.

3 " Devouring plagues did him attend,
" Hot burning coals he forth did send,
" Earth's frame he measured;
" The nations he asunder drove;
" The hills did from their centre move,
" He thundred and they fled.

4 " The heavenly orbs their motion lost;
" The sea made way for God's dread host
" Like hills on heaps it rear'd;
" Perceiving this, I trembling stood;
" Crying how worthy is this God!
" To be by all rever'd.

5 " What though the trees no blossoms yield,
" Nor flocks adorn each verdant field;
" Though earthly comforts cease,
" I'll on this God unshaken stay,
" I'll trust his word from day to day,
" In him alone is peace. "

HYMN

HYMN LVIII.

1 WHAT God has ſpoken will ſtand ſure,
So long as ſun and moon endure;
'Twill leav'n and make its way:
Till Jeſus flock dominion gain,
O'er all the antichriſtian train,
With univerſal ſway.

2 But when the deſtin'd period's gone,
All rule and power he will put down,
Put down to riſe no more:
And to his people's joy will weed,
And fully cruſh the ſerpent's ſeed:
When their laſt puſh is o'er.

3 A type of this was Pharoah's fall;
When God let go the watry wall,
And ſunk the godleſs tribe:
Like figure was great Baba's king,
When God did let his ſervant in,
And great Euphrates dry'd.

4 The two leav'd doors then open'd were;
Fulfiling the prediction clear;
He broke each braſen gate:
Treaſures of darkneſs were beſtow'd
On him that he might know the Lord,
For choſen Jacob's ſake.

5 Look

5 Look then and pray for this, ye few,
The witneſs faithful is and true,
To all the ſons of men:
The word is gone, it muſt prevail,
The leaſt iota cannot fail.
" Come Jeſus, come, Amen. "

HYMN LIX. *Common Metre.*

1 COME all ye nations far or near,
Barbarians or Jews;
Rejoice, and lend a liſ'ning ear,
Here's precious goſpel news;
Our ſurety's ris'n, the angels cry
" Come ſee where Jeſus lay;
Although far off, you're now made nigh,
Tranſgreſſion's done away.

2 Come all ye Magdalens attend;
Who are to luſt inclin'd;
Look, look unto this ſinner's friend,
This lover of mankind.
The ſurety's ris'n the angels cry,
Come ſee where Jeſus lay;
Though your crimes are of deepeſt die,
Tranſgreſſion's done away.

3 All ye who trample on his worth,
And glory in your ſhame;
Come bring your boaſted garment forth,
And bow before his name;

The ſurety's ris'n the angels cry,
Come ſee where Jeſus lay,
Here is a RIGHTEOUSNESS brought nigh;
Will ſerve i'th trying day.

4 Ye prodigals who've ſtrav'd from God,
And feed on huſks with ſwine:
Here is the all-attoning blood,
A *ring* and ROBE DIVINE:
Jewiſh oblations all came ſhort;
The comers ſtains to clear,
Here is one of ſuperior worth,
The promis'd bleſſing's here,

5 O praiſe him then each different tongue,
Each different ſex likewiſe;
Shout, ſhout hoſannahs, old and young,
Let them like incenſe riſe:
God is well pleas'd he doth declare,
The echo now return.
Ye children, young men, and grey hairs,
Come wonder, love, and learn.

HYMN LX. PSALM 18.

1 THE Lord's my rock, my fortreſs he;
My ſure deliverer will he be;
On him I will depend:
Salvation's horn, and ſheltering tow'r,
Who can relieve in needy hour,
And ſave me to the end.

When

2 When pains of death environ'd me,
And hell's artillery did flee,
From men and devils too:
I call'd, I cry'd unto the Lord,
Who from his holy temple heard,
And brought me safely through.

3 Then did the earth and mountains reel,
And seem'd a sympathy to feel,
Because the Lord was wroth:
Smoke from his opened nostrils came,
And from his mouth devouring flame
Of fire, did issue forth.

4 The heavenly canopy he bow'd;
And on a flaming cherub rode,
Darkness his feet did shade:
On noisy winds he wing'd did fly,
On gathering pillars of the sky,
Was his pavilion made.

HYMN LXI.

Part second.

1 CLOUDS at God's brightness did retire,
Hail-stones, and coals of flaming fire,
Seem'd conscious of God's power:
He thundered from his heavenly dome;
And forth a startling voice did come,
In a tremendous roar.

2 He

2 He let his pointed arrows fly,
He ſhot his lightnings from on high,
To ſcare th' unthinking croud:
The channels of the wat'ry deep,
Could not their uſual covering keep,
But ſhed them all abroad.

3 He ſafely did deliver me
From the oppreſſive enemy;
And all the helliſh band:
To me he did vouchſafe his grace,
According to my RIGHTEOUSNESS,
And cleanneſs of my hands.

4 Then may each human heart adore,
His matchleſs love and mighty pow'r;
Who has hell's gates o'erthrown:
Stood SURETY with a willing mind,
For ſouls who are both deaf and blind,
And brought ſalvation down.

HYMN LXII.

1 COME all who know the Saviour's worth,
Rejoice, for lo! the word's gone forth
Not to return in vain:
E're long our huſband will deſcend,
His ranſom'd flock will him attend,
A glorious countleſs train,

2 Each

2 Each ſleeping ſaint ſhall then appear,
To reign the promis'd term of years,
With their beloved friend:
Nor curſe, nor ſin, nor anxious care,
Nor beaſt of prey can harbour there,
Nor ought that can offend.

3 God's own dear hand ſhall kindly dry,
All tears from every weeping eye,
And as an enſign ſtand:
Amidſt his conſecrated bride,
Who're ſeal'd, no more from him to ſlide,
Till fix'd in Canaan's land.

4 Hear, Jeſus hear our earneſt cry,
Forgive our importunity,
Come Jeſus come away:
Fulfil thy faithful word of grace,
Cut ſhort thy work in *righteouſneſs*,
Proclaim the joyful day.

5 Yet give us patience Lord to wait,
Like *Anna* ſtill at wiſdom's gate,
Yet do dear Lord appear;
Diſmiſs us from our pilgrim's toil,
Brighten our lamps, increaſe our oil;
Thy call we'd gladly hear.

HYMN

HYMN LXIII.

1 THE ark born by the prieſts of old;
God deign'd it ſhould his preſence hold,
To be his people's guide:
But when through ſin they turn'd away,
He gave them up to be a prey,
And did their calls deride.

2 How awful likewiſe was the place,
And how perceptible the grace,
I'th temple made with hands.
When *Salem's king* did climb the throne,
God ſhower'd his gracious preſence down,
And chear'd the choſen bands.

3 But ſin did tarniſh all this blaze,
They ſink into its crooked ways,
Slighted the word of God;
His chearing preſence was withdrawn;
Oppreſt by kings; the nations ſcorn;
And a mere *Ichabod.*

4 Where then can God's good pleaſure reſt?
Where is the temple, ark, or breaſt,
That can Jehovah hold?
He did not there reſt ſatisfy'd,
Like things of time away they glide,
Or like a tale that's told.

HYMN

HYMN LXIV. Psalm 132.

Part ſecond.

1 DO Lord remember David's pain,
The heavy load he did ſuſtain,
When he a ſurety ſtood:
He would no ſleep or ſlumber taſte,
Till he had found a reſting place,
For Jacob's mighty God.

2 This he effected by his power;
And roſe a mighty conqueror,
Poſſeſſion to demand:
Not of a Canaan which can fade,
When ſin does draw the darkſome ſhade,
But of an heavenly land.

3 Now Lord into this reſt ariſe,
Thou canſt not thy dear ſon deſpiſe:
Thy word doth this maintain;
" Here will I dwell " this is thy voice,
" This is my reſt, this is my choice,
" Nor will we part again.

4 " The church in union with her king,
" Into my Canaan I'll bring in,
" She ſhall my victory ſhare;
" Zion I've choſen for my own,
" She ſhall at my right hand ſit down,
" And be my laſting care. "

HYMN LXV. Isa. 7.

1 LO, a virgin ſhall conceive
A ſon, the prophets cry;
Who ſhall *Zion's* children ſave,
From crimes of crimſon dye:
Shrouded in a fleſhly frame,
Prepared by his heavenly fire;
He by blood and water came,
T'appeaſe vindictive ire.

2 Love which no beginning knew,
In God's own boſom glow'd;
Then broke forth to human view;
As light from out the cloud:
Earth and heav'n th' Almighty ſhook;
When down he did man's *ſurety* ſend;
Angels gaze with wond'ring look,
Yet could not comprehend.

3 Subject to his parents he,
Although the mighty God;
Taſted our infirmity,
Though ſpotleſs ſtill his *robe*;
Crimes imputed caus'd his fall,
And overwhelm'd his ſoul with pain,
Saints rejoice, he's finiſh'd all,
And gone to heaven again.

HYMN LXVI.

Part ſecond.

1 WHO on Jeſu's ſkirt lays hold;
And dares by faith rely;
Need not as in days of old,
Through terror quaking cry;
No, the fiery law they fear'd,
Was by *Immanuel* magnify'd;
Peace obtain'd, tranſgreſſion's clear'd,
Stern Juſtice ſatisfy'd.

2 Emblems, types, and ſhadows, now
Need not our tutors be;
When the *lamb* his head did bow,
He ſet his people free;
Far ſuperior's the diſplay;
The day ſtar now does clearly ſhine,
TRUTH has chas'd all ſhades away;
Come banquet on this *wine*.

HYMN LXVII.

1 PRAISES in the higheſt ſtrain,
Become the *church of God*;
Praiſes to the lamb once ſlain,
Who bought her with his blood:
Praiſes to the word made fleſh,
Who liv'd a life unſtain'd by ſin,
And a perfect *righteouſneſs*;
By his own arm brought in.

2 Praiſe

2 Praiſe to him who ſtoop'd to bear,
The ſinner's pond'rous load:
Praiſe him who with fervent pray'r,
Addreſs'd his Father God;
That his people might be One,
Yea, one in him for ever ty'd;
Join'd with them in fleſh and bone,
Then who can them divide?

3 Praiſe the Lamb, who roſe again,
His *church* to juſtify,
Convers'd with his favour'd train,
Then went above the ſky;
Praiſe him who his merit pleads
Before a reconciled God:
Praiſe the lamb, the *churches' head*;
O praiſe this ſovereign Lord.

HYMN LXVIII. *Common Metre.*

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

1 THIS is the day that Jeſus roſe,
Redemption to compleat;
This is the day that Jeſus roſe,
To ſhow his victory great:
Hereby he publickly has prov'd,
And full aſſurance given:
That ev'ry hind'rance is remov'd,
Which ſtood i'th way to heaven.

2 Then who is he that can condemn?
'Tis *Jesus Christ* that dies;
Or who can accusation bring;
'Tis God that justifies;
" Peace on the earth " the angels cry,
All heaven return the sound;
Here is a pleasing sacrifice;
Here's plenteous payment found.

3 Now though he dy'd, he lives again,
He lives, and reigns on high;
Exempted from his toil and pain,
And from mortality;
Free'd likewise from imputed stains,
He sits upon his throne:
There waiting till his blood-bought train,
Be gathered into One.

HYMN LXIX. *Common Metre.*

Part second.

1 THEN shall Jerusalem above,
Meet all their friends below:
To solace in the Saviour's love,
Secure from every foe;
Their surety as an ensign stands,
A comfort to his bride;
Who are collected from each land,
And every scattered tribe.

2 Then

2 Then may we all with heart and voice,
Commemorate his love:
And in the finish'd work rejoice,
Nor from this ever move;
Spend every sabbath to his praise,
And break the hallowed bread;
Loud songs of love, and triumph raise
To our exalted HEAD.

HYMN LXX.

1 SHALL those who enlightened are,
By the blessed spirit of God?
Refuse the great worth to declare,
Or publish the praises abroad
Of him who this fabrick rear'd,
And governs it still by his nod:
Who once has in weakness appear'd,
To purchase his church with his blood.

2 No, no, while the kindreds of earth,
Their love to the creature pursue;
Let those of a nobler birth,
Have nobler objects in view:
The bliss which the one does attend,
Does after th' appearance decrease;
The other will never have end,
But still like a *river* increase.

3 Though ſorrows or trials bow down,
They only are bleſſings diſguis'd;
See Jeſus now crown'd with a crown,
Yet does with his *church* ſympathize:
Hi promiſe he cannot deny,
He ſtill on his heart does her bear,
Then raiſe up your voices on high,
And dry up each ſorrowing tear.

HYMN LXXI. *Long Metre.*

FOR A FUNERAL.

1 WRAPT in a ſhroud, to human view,
Behold a breathleſs carcaſe lies,
Who has for ever bid adieu
To all below the upper ſkies.

2 All muſt death's gloomy confines trace;
All muſt this debt to nature pay:
All muſt the great heart-ſearcher face,
At the deciſive awful day.

3 May this appearance then impreſs;
A laſting ſtroke on every mind;
That all may ſeek to know that grace,
Which was revealed to mankind.

4 Can rocks the guilty ſinner ſcreen?
Or vaults elude God's trying eye?
Can works though orthodox they ſeem,
His kindled vengeance pacify?

5 Theſe

5 Theſe may deluded minds amuſe,
But cannot gain one ſoul acceſs;
The lamb whom God for ſin did bruiſe,
Muſt be the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

6 'Tis he who has the ſting of death,
Drench'd deep in his attoning blood;
'Tis he who quench'd the flaming wrath,
Of an offended jealous God.

7 Through him his *ſeed* admiſſion gains,
Into the place not made by hands:
Through him ſalvation is proclaim'd,
To every nation, tongue, and land.

8 Who credits now what he's declar'd,
And true ſubmiſſion does maintain;
Like virgins wiſe will be prepar'd,
When terrour ſtrikes th' unthinking train.

HYMN LXXII.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 ONCE more, O Lord, we have receiv'd,
According to command:
The emblems of thy dying love,
For every tongue and land:
Love, which did bring thee from thy throne,
Thy ſeed to perſonate,
The which with gratitude we own,
And now commemorate.

2 Herein we do this love diſcern,
Which did to ſinners flow:
Grant Lord we may inſtruction learn,
That we the ſame may ſhow:
Kindneſs to the unthinking croud,
But more ſo to thy train;
Ev'n love beyond, or tongue, or word;
That our fruit may remain.

3 With thy kind bleſſing us diſmiſs,
For this we now implore;
Give us, dear Lord, thy promis'd peace,
And guard us by thy power:
Refreſh us with the bread of life;
Give us to love thy word;
Waft us into eternal life,
At our departure Lord.

HYMN LXXIII. *Short Metre.*

FOR A BAPTISM.

1 BEAR us upon thy mind,
Prieſt of thy choſen race,
And whilſt we now obſerve the ſign,
Convey thy ſpecial grace.

2 Impute thy righteouſneſs,
Impart a holy fear;
That when maturity takes place,
Thine image may appear.

3 We

3 We own we ſinners are,
Parents, and child and all,
And ſtand unworthy to receive,
The things for which we call.

4 But think upon thy pain;
Think on the bloody ſcene;
Think how thou fell and roſe again,
Thy BODY to redeem.

5 Through this and only this,
Theſe favours we implore:
Through this we hope to enter bliſs,
Where means can be no more.

AFTER BAPTISM.

1 LIFT up thy prieſtly hands
O Lamb, and Saviour dear;
Bleſs parents, child, and people all,
Who are aſſembled here.

2 By grace their hearts incline,
To train *him* [*her*] in thy word;
To dedicate her in their mind,
To thee the common Lord.

3 Believing her to be,
A bleſſing from above:
But grant it may not rival thee,
And draw them from thy love.

4 Keep every bleſſing Lord,
Within its proper bounds,
Leaſt thou exert thy jealouſy,
And fling thy vengeance down.

HYMN LXXIV. *Long Metre.*

1 O Jeſus bleſs this little flock,
Who in thy name aſſembled are;
Thou who remain'ſt the churches' rock;
Let us the promis'd bleſſing ſhare.

2 To grace no title wou'd we claim:
Thy RIGHTEOUSNESS our covering be;
All glory to thy ſacred name,
Who ſhed thy blood on Calvary.

3 That precious truth to us make clear;
That truth which ſets thy ſervants free,
Subjected to a godly fear;
That we untir'd may follow thee.

4 The ſpring of all ſelf-righteouſneſs,
Bear down by thy Almighty pow'r:
Give us to joy in ſovereign grace,
And ſtand dependant every hour.

5 To all in whom this truth appears,
Let us in firmeſt union ſtand;
Each burthen mutually to bear,
And chearful walking hand in hand.

HYMN

HYMN LXXV. *Long Metre.*

1 LET thy attonement, Jeſus dear,
Upon each heart with power abide:
For ever fill'd with godly fear,
That from this truth we ne'er may ſlide.

2 So ſhall we in thy croſs delight,
And deaden'd be to all below;
Pleas'd with what thou compleated has,
Determin'd nothing elſe to know.

3 The more we know of ſov'reign grace,
Thy love appears ſtill more divine:
While mercy ſhines through all thy ways,
And proves the work is wholly thine.

HYMN LXXVI.

1 PRAISE Jehovah for contriving
To redeem a race undone;
Praiſe the lamb for not diſpiſing,
The poor virgin Mary's womb.
Here it was that he united
God and man, though natures twain:
What through ſin was ſeparated,
Here was reconcil'd again.

2 Praiſe him for his kind ſubmiſſion,
To his heavenly father's will;
When he finiſhed tranſgreſſion,
And all ſhadows did fulfil:
Praiſe him for his ſweet beheaviour,
When compleating RIGHTEOUSNESS;
O what pains our God and Saviour
Underwent, a world to bleſs.

3 Praiſe him when oppreſt i'th garden,
By his father's vengeful ire:
Praiſe him when beneath the burthen,
Of dread *Sinai's* flaming fire.
See him when betray'd by Judas,
Meek and lowly ſtill appear;
Here our churches' HEAD has ſhew'd us
How we ſhou'd offences bear.

HYMN LXXVII.

Part ſecond.

1 PRAISE the lamb, that for tranſgreſſion,
He a ſpotleſs victim bled;
Now above makes interceſſion,
As his *churches' Lord and head.*
Praiſe the father for diſplaying,
Through his ſon ſuch ſtreams of grace;
Praiſe the ſpirit for conveying,
This unto a helpleſs race.

2 Truth

2 Truth and mercy here did center;
Righteouſneſs and peace do join;
All who now by faith do enter,
Banquet on this noble *vine*
By the hand of juſtice preſſed,
Till it flow'd in living ſtreams;
That his church might be refreſhed,
Till ſhe drink in heaven with him.

3 Bretheren here we have the token,
Here by faith we do partake
Of his blood, and body broken,
And by faith commemorate.
O how kind a benefactor,
Stands he to his choſen race;
May we ſtand dependant debtors,
Every hour to ſovereign grace.

4 Show compaſſion, gracious Saviour,
On thy flock aſſembled here:
Pardon every miſbehaviour;
Bear with each in mercy bear.
Bring us nearer thee and nearer,
Give us grace to anſwer grace;
Give us clearer views and clearer,
Till we ſee thee face to face.

HYMN LXXVIII.

1 WHEN the appointed time drew nigh,
That God his word wou'd verify,
A virgin did conceive:
The ſon of God yet ſon of man;
On whom the government does hang,
His choſen ſeed to ſave.

2 By this ſhe's free'd from ſatan's yoke,
Each power he cruſh'd each fetter broke,
By his Almighty hand.
Wrought out a perfect RIGHTEOUSNESS,
To be his *bride* the *churches'* dreſs,
When 'fore her God ſhe ſtands.

3 To ſeal this truth he ſpilt his blood;
That all may have acceſs to God,
Barbarians or Jews;
Then roſe to prove this was compleat,
For high for low, for ſmall and great.
O precious goſpel news!

4 No ram in his behalf appear'd,
No cry from heav'n but blood was heard;
How dreadful was the day!
Vindictive wrath like billows roll,
Upon the ſufferers ſpotleſs ſoul;
Without the leaſt allay.

5 'Tis

5 'Tis finish'd—thrice the father cries,
I'm pleas'd with this rich sacrifice,
Hear him ye nations round:
Who on this truth doth palm a lie,
My declaration falsefy;
Their language I'll confound.

HYMN LXXIX.

ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

1 GOOD people lend an ear,
Glad tidings I'll declare,
A Saviour's born:
'Tis precious gospel news,
To Gentiles and to Jews,
Let us the same diffuse,
A Saviour's born.

2 A heavenly host were sent,
Unto the Shepherd's tent,
Tidings to bring:
To whom the angels cry,
The *day-star* from on high
Assumes mortality,
Rejoice and sing.

3 Glory to God on high,
The *reconciler's* nigh,
Be not affraid:
This is to you a sign,
In David's town you'll find,
The lover of mankind,
In manger laid.

4 This done, the ſhining train
Sprung to their ſeats again,
Through yonder ſky.
The ſhepherds wond'ring fled,
And found the heavenly babe,
In lonely manger laid,
His mother nigh.

5 What though he did not ſcorn,
Thus meanly to be born,
On bed of hay:
When the laſt trump ſhall ſound,
He'll come with glory crown'd;
Millions will hail him down,
O awful day!

6 Then raiſe your voices high,
He lives no more to die,
In yonder heaven:
All who attention give,
And do in heart believe,
Shall ever with him live,
In yonder heaven.

HYMN LXXX. *Long Metre.* Isa. 53.

1 SURELY the lamb of God has born,
The burthen of Gods choſen band:
Yet we eſteem'd him when forlorn,
Striken by heaven's vindictive hand.

2 But

2 But for our ſin he wounded was,
Clear in himſelf, from every ſtain:
He was chaſtiſed for our peace,
By him the breach is heal'd again.

3 For all, like ſheep, were gone aſtray,
On all, God's keen diſpleaſure fell:
Each turn'd aſide to his own way,
And thoughtleſs trod the track of hell.

4 Yet did it pleaſe his gracious ſire,
To put his righteous ſoul to pain,
For Zion's crimes he did expire,
And roſe that ſhe might live and reign.

5 Zion's inhabitant then ſhout,
A full redemption is obtain'd,
What ſin had ſpoil'd and marr'd throughout,
Throughout thy SURETY has regain'd.

HYMN LXXXI. *Long Metre.* PSA. 15.

1 WHO ſhall the holy hill aſcend?
Or in the awful preſence ſtand?
Of him whoſe years ne'er have an end,
Who holds the waters in his hand.

2 He who in heart and hand is clean,
From every ſpot of ſin quite free:
Whoſe tongue does ſpeak the thing he means,
Devoid of all hypocriſy.

3 Who in his God rejoicing is,
Whoſe heart the love of God doth fill;
This is the man and only this,
Shall boldly climb the holy hill.

4 But who has this character gain'd,
Of all the ſons of Adam's race?
Not one, for ſin the whole has ſtain'd,
And all their gory is defac'd.

5 Yet lo! among the countleſs throng,
A man from *David's* root appears:
By the Almighty's hand made ſtrong;
The puniſhment of ſin to bear.

6 In him the promiſes of God,
As lines within a circle meet,
Aſſuming feeble fleſh and blood,
He gain'd a RIGHTEOUSNESS compleat.

7 He dy'd, but roſe to live again,
Th' eternal doors threw open wide:
Of every tribe redeem'd a train,
To be his happy ranſom'd bride.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

1 SEE Jeſus clad in garments ſtain'd;
Who bore the curſe, and took the prey,
From him who all mankind had gain'd,
And nobly bore them ſav'd away.

2 At

2 At juſtice bar, he ſurety ſtood;
Charg'd with offences, not his own;
He freely ſpilt his precious blood,
And roſe to prove the work was done.

3 Hear then each nation, kindred, tongue;
Hear the Almighty's powerful cry:
" This is my well beloved ſon,
" In whom I'm pleas'd continually.

4 " Your warfare he accompliſh'd hath,
" Made a full end of ſin and woe;
" For ever quench'd my kindled wrath,
" Open'd the ſealed book alſo. "

5 Be this your confidence and joy,
Center'd thereon, you are ſecure:
When heaven and earth away ſhall fly,
And worlds are cruſh'd, this will endure.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Short Metre.*

1 COME all who love the Lord;
In every diſtant clime:
Sing praiſe to him with one accord,
Who ſprung from *David's* line.

2 He taſted death for all,
For all, his ſide was torn;
Now through the goſpels gladſome call,
A royal ſeed is born.

3 Born to be prieſts and kings,
Of Chriſt their choſen head:
Who tho' he fell a prey to ſin,
Yet roſe and left the dead.

4 Triumphing over thoſe,
Who were in league combin'd;
His undertaking to oppoſe,
And ruin all mankind.

5 But lo! they all were foil'd,
By Jeſu's bitter ſtrife;
How grace doth reign through righteouſneſs,
Unto eternal life.

6 Go ſinners kiſs the ſon,
Look there and ſaved be:
Although with ſin you are o'er run,
There's milk, and wine quite free.

7 "Whoever will may come,"
God by himſelf hath ſworn,
"Within my father's houſe there's room,"
Room with his own firſt-born.

8 That this no fable is,
T'aſſure his choſen ſeed:
The firſt ripe ſheaf is gone to bliſs,
The crop ſhall all ſucceed.

9 'Tis

9 'Tis meet then to adore,
The holy THREE IN ONE,
Reſound his praiſe from ſhore to ſhore,
Who ſits upon the throne.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Short Metre.* PSA. 68.

1 LET Zion's God ariſe,
And let his foes be ſlain;
Even thoſe who do his name deſpiſe,
And ſtrive t'oppoſe his reign.

2 As riſing ſmoke retires,
So drive 'em far from thee;
As melting wax before the fire,
So let the wicked flee.

3 But let thy ranſom'd train,
For ever magnify:
And celebrate thy matchleſs fame,
Who rides upon the ſky.

4 Father of orphans thou,
Who pleads the widdow's cauſe:
Thou'lt make the ſtubborn ſinners bow,
Who diſeſteem thy laws.

5 The heavens before thee fled;
The trembling earth did ſhake;
Yea lofty *Sinai* bow'd its head,
And all with fear did quake.

6 Yet to thy choſen flock,
Thou ſent'ſt a chearing ſhower:
When thirſty, thou did'ſt cleave the rock,
And water forth did pour.

7 Which ſtream does ever flow;
And laſting influence yield,
To all who do the goſpel know,
And bear the goſpel ſhield.

HYMN LXXXV. *Short Metre.*

1 YE who are call'd by ſov'reign grace,
Unto Gods word attend:
With courage run your heavenly race,
And bear in mind the end.

2 The light afflictions you ſuſtain,
Work for your future good:
Your Captain here did taſte the ſame,
Reſiſting unto blood.

3 A warfare this, but do not faint,
Your king has conquer'd all:
He breathes compaſſion to each ſaint,
He hears each feeble call.

4 Obedience to the law he gave,
It cannot now condemn:
Fear not, he can to th' utmoſt ſave,
All who believe in him.

5 by

5 By ſuff'ring he did you redeem,
By dying he o'ercame:
Then let it be your conſtant theme,
To magnify his name.

HYMN LXXXVI. Gen. 6.

1 WHEN God in vengeance did appear,
To manifeſt his wrath ſevere,
On the ungodly race.
See with what tender care he ſaves,
His children floating on the waves,
To manifeſt his grace.

2 God's great long ſuff'ring was diſplay'd,
Full ſixſcore years the cry was made,
But moſt the call paſt by:
Then God heaven's windows did unſhut,
The fountains of the deep broke up,
His word to verify.

3 Leaſt any ſhould in after time
Fear a return: behold a ſign,
The Lord himſelf hangs out:
The ſpangled bow appears in view,
Whoe'er believes will find it true,
JEHOVAH changeth not.

4 An emblem this of gospel day,
Where sinners have a clear display,
A far more striking sign;
That fury from the father's fled,
For why, he's risen from the dead,
Who sprung from *David's* line.

5 He rose and no corruption saw;
From hence our faith can comfort draw
That in him God's well pleas'd:
A heart with doubts or fears o'erwhelm'd,
A conscience that's by sin condemn'd,
Hereby alone is eas'd.

6 Let praises then i'th highest tone,
Still center in the great THREE ONE,
Whose arm *salvation* brought.
And when mortality we quit,
And round the marriage table sit,
Then shall we raise our note.

HYMN LXXXVII. *Common Metre.*

1 WHAT finite man can truly tell,
The love of Jesus dear?
Who when the first offender fell,
Did stoop the load to bear.

2 He

2 He did aſſume a human frame,
Within a virgin's womb:
Yet was as truly God the ſame,
As now upon the throne.

3 When lowly in the manger laid,
Or by his mother's ſide;
He was that God who all things made,
And food for all provide.

4 Hark! how he loudly does proclaim,
(The croud attentive ſtand)
A full ſalvation through his name,
To every tongue and land.

5 " I am the true and living bread,
" Who from my father came;
" Who eats hereof ſhall never die,
" But through me live and reign.

6 " I am the promis'd ſhepherd kind,
" I for my ſheep will fall:
" Diſtant or near I each will find,
" They all ſhall hear my call.

7 " Bliſs to my church I will reſtore,
" I'll RIGHTEOUSNESS bring in:
" I'll gain ſalvation for the poor,
" I'll make an end of ſin."

8 Then

May 1786

John

8 Then Jeſus bow'd his ſacred head,
In deep expiring groans;
Yet roſe triumphant from the dead,
And re-aſcends his throne.

HYMN LXXXVII.

1 WHO's like thee, Lord, let all confeſs?
Glorious in power and holineſs,
A wonder-working God.
Thou thy redeem'd haſt ſafely led,
Through the Egyptian's wat'ry bed,
Unto thy bleſt abode.

2 Nations remote the news ſhall hear,
And with oppreſſive dread and fear,
Shall quickly melt away.
Eaom and *Moab* ſhall trembling ſtand,
Th' inhabitants of Canaan's land,
Shall own God's ſovereign ſway.

3 In ſafety thou thy choſen race,
Will in thy *mountain* fix and bleſs,
Eſtabliſh'd by thy might.
Reign Lord, in triumph ever reign,
Thou who the dreaded hoſt haſt ſlain,
Within thy people's ſight.

4 But

4 But Jeſu's choſen family,
With open eye ſhall one day ſee,
A more majeſtic ſcene:
When th' opening heav'ns like ſcrowls ſhall fly,
And God himſelf ſhall thundering cry,
Awake ye ſons of men.

5 Dreadful to ſee! they all ſtand forth,
The call is heard from ſouth to north;
Each hears his deſtin'd doom.
The goats are hurled headlong hence,
But to his own inheritance,
He cries—"*Come here is room.*"

HYMN LXXXIX. *Long Metre.*

NUM. 16—48.

1 WHEN *Iſrael's* choſen *tribes* rebell'd,
Againſt their legal head and chief:
God's trying eye their ways beheld,
His hand chaſtis'd their unbelief.

2 His kindled vengeance calls aloud,
And bids the *Mediator* fly
With ſpeed, from out the murmuring croud,
Crying they all ſhall die, ſhall die.

3 Struck with amaze, the *high prieſt* ran,
With God in their behalf to plead:
Standing with cenſor in his hand,
Betwixt the living and the dead.

4 God

4 God was appeas'd, the plague was ſtay'd,
But thouſands fell beneath the ſtroke,
All who ſurviv'd were ſore affraid,
And trembl'd when the Almighty ſpoke.

5 From this (all who have goſpel light)
A lively parellel may draw;
When man fled from his maker's ſight
Through ſin, the race were dead in law.

5 But lo! the SURETY ſteps between;
Dead ſinners, and the living God:
T'appeaſe God's wrath and man redeem,
For this he freely ſpilt his blood.

7 Then ſhout for joy the work is done;
Good news to every diſtant land:
Not by a ſervant but the SON,
Who is ſet down at God's right hand.

HYMN XC. Ex. 3.

1 WHEN Moſes tended Jethro's flock,
Leading them round to Horeb's rock,
To forage here and there:
An angel did appear in flame,
To manifeſt the Almighty's name,
And ſhow his character.

2 Within a buſh the flame he ſpy'd,
At which the prophet turn'd aſide,
To ſee the matter clear:
For though the buſh ſtood round the flame,
Yet unconſum'd it did remain,
For why, the Lord was there.

3 An emblem this of Jeſu's flock:
Who're center'd on himſelf the rock,
Poſſeſt of godly fear:
Tho' ſtorms and waves do them aſſail;
Of landing ſafe they cannot fail,
For why, the Lord is there.

4 Tho' wars or famine run their round,
Tho' plague or peſtilence abound;
Tho' racks or fires appear:
Tho' in afflictions furnace try'd,
Nothing can them from him divide,
For why, the Lord is there.

5 Tho' *tyrant death* with gaſtly frown,
Appear to pull their temple down;
And ſheath his conquering ſpear.
Tho' *grave* and *hell* unite their power,
Fearleſs they ſtand in dangers hour,
For why, the Lord was there.

6 Then praiſe the lamb ye royal *ſeed*,
From whom ſuch bleſſings do proceed;
Praiſe him with heart and tongue.
In public and in private too,
Praiſes for ever are his due,
Let him be all your ſong.

HYMN XCI. *Common Metre.*

FOR A FUNERAL.

1 DEATH is the ſtated end of man,
The wages due to ſin:
Thrice happy they for whom the lamb,
Has took away death's ſting.

2 Happy in time when call'd by grace,
Into the narrow way:
But more when call'd to ſee his face.
And ſing in endleſs day.

3 Not from their worth or worthineſs,
Does this rejoicing riſe;
But from the DEATH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS,
Of God's own ſacrifice.

4 On faith and love though gifts of God,
Their hopes they do not place;
But on the meritorious blood,
Which reach'd the throne of grace.

4 Chear'd

5 Chear'd with a hope from this, while here
They walk in Jeſu's ways;
And when the ſummons does appear,
In this they end their days.

HYMN XCII. *Long Metre.*

1 WHO can the awful ſcene relate?
Which by man's firſt offence came in?
The curſe, the puniſhment, how great,
Proceeding from th' offender's ſin.

2 Yet ſee the condeſcending love,
Of him who did a lamb provide;
A lamb which could the curſe remove,
Sufficient to redeem his *bride*.

3 The father cries, my only ſon,
Wilt thou be pleas'd to fall a prey;
For mortals utterly undone,
That ſovereign grace may make its way.

4 For this the heathen ſhall be thine,
They thy reward and portion prove;
To thee I will their hearts incline,
And gently draw them to thy love.

5 The ſon replies, " Behold I come
" Thy broken law to magnify;
" Thy keeneſt wrath upon me turn,
" Zion ſhall live, for I will die.

6 " The bitter cup I'll freely take,
" Preſs'd down by injur'd juſtice hand;
" Thrones and dominions will I ſhake,
" And lead her ſafe to Canaan's land. "

HYMN XCIII.

1 ALL glory be to God on high,
With ſongs let Zion fill the ſky,
In praiſe of ſovereign grace;
From love unmerited and free,
God has contriv'd a remedy;
To ſave a ſinful race.

2 May we reflect what he has done,
He had but one beloved ſon,
Peculiarly eſteem'd:
Offended juſtice him purſu'd
To death, that ſouls in ſervitude,
Thereby might be redeem'd.

3 Then ſhout the praiſe of this great God;
Who when in feeble fleſh and blood,
Stood ſurety for his *bride*;
Fulfill'd the law, then bow'd his head,
Yet roſe triumphant from the dead;
Hereby ſhe's juſtify'd.

HYMN

HYMN XCIV. *Short Metre.*

1 THIS is the portion, this the lot,
The period of human frame:
Naked into the world we're brought,
Naked muſt we return again.

2 Vain man remember thou art duſt,
Thy health and ſtrength will ſoon decay:
Thou'rt only in this world a gueſt,
A trav'ler lodging by the way.

3 Thy life is reckon'd but a ſpan,
Thy fleeting hours are very few:
Death is the ſtated end of man,
We all are thither haſt'ning too.

4 Only in Chriſt alone thou'lt find,
A *guide* throughout life's narrow path,
A ſtay and anchor for thy mind,
A *convoy* at the hour of *death*.

HYMN XCV.

1 *BRIDE of the lamb*, up to the ſkies
Let daily praiſe like incenſe riſe,
To meet the church above:
Worthy is he who once was ſlain,
A race of rebels to regain,
To have our choiceſt love.

2 Into the *ark* with great amaze,
The winged ſeraphs wond'ring gaze,
Redeeming love to trace:
Should mortals who (in part) have found,
Redemption through the Saviour's wounds?
Refuſe to ſhout free grace.

3 Cry then for grace to perſevere,
He loves his people's voice to hear;
Though men and devils frown.
E're long (in clouds) we ſhall him ſee,
Array'd in robes of majeſty,
His ranſom'd flock to own.

4 Still may we all like Mary be,
Willing to learn that myſtery,
Which was in fleſh made known.
To each command attention pay,
And trace thoſe footſteps day by day,
Which in his word's laid down.

5 *The work is done*—ſinners rejoice
THE CHURCH IS WON, lift up your voice,
The ARK in ſafety ſtands:
Our God is with a ſhout gone up
And full poſſeſſion he hath took,
Of OBEDEDOMS land.

HYMN

HYMN XCVI. *Short Metre.*

1 TH' extent of Jeſu's love,
What heart can comprehend:
A breadth whoſe diſtance none can prove,
A length without an end.

2 The firſt-born ſeraphs try
The myſt'ry to explore;
Yet cannot trace it out; for why,
The curſe they never bore.

3 The grace unſearchable.
Tranſcending human thought:
Who, who in earth or heaven can tell,
Or find the wonder out.

4 All the angelic quire,
Unite to give him praiſe;
And ſaints redeeming love admire,
And loud hoſannahs raiſe.

5 The work he finiſhed,
By his Almighty power;
And as a proof he left the dead,
And roſe a conquerour.

6 And at his father's ſide,
In triumph did ſit down;
Now calls and draws his ranſom'd bride,
His name and worth to own.

HYMN XCVII. Psalm 69:

1 SAVE me, O God in mercy ſave,
For lo! the overflowing wave,
Breaks in upon my ſoul.
Loaded with ſin's avenging ire,
I trembling ſink in the deep mire,
The waters o'er me roll.

2 I'm weary with complaint and cry,
My throat is daily parch'd and dry;
I bow beneath the load.
My flowing eyes with tears do fail;
Unnumber'd foes o'er me prevail.
Whilſt I wait on my God.

3 That which I never took away,
Unto my God I did repay,
The open'd breach to cloſe.
My people ſinn'd, I for them dy'd,
But was in ſpirit juſtify'd,
When I triumphant roſe.

4 My folly, Lord, thou knowſt full well,
Who can from thee my ſin conceal;
Who's like thy ſervant blind:
But 'twas imputed not intail'd;
In love to the I never fail'd,
Nor felt a perverſe mind.

HYMN XCVIII.

Part ſecond.

1 ZEAL for my father's houſe by day
And night, did on my ſpirits prey,
Until my beauty fled.
The mocks of thoſe who did Thee ſcorn,
Fell on me like a gathering ſtorm;
And bow'd my feeble head.

2 Broken by faſting and by tears,
Oppreſs'd with grief aſſail'd by fears;
Drunkards on me make game.
In life and death, LORD, ſuccour me.
Nor let thy ſon corruption ſee,
But raiſe me up again.

HYMN XCIX.

Part third.

1 JESUS was heard in that he fear'd,
The father's faithfulneſs appear'd,
His word to verify.
He rais'd his well-beloved up,
When he had drunk the bitter cup,
Exalting him on high.

2 Power and dominion now are given,
To him in earth and alſo heaven,
For why the work he's done.
Fulfil'd the law, wrought righteouſneſs,
Gentiles and Jews may have acceſs,
For all he has made room.

3 Plead no excuſe but come ſubmit,
Nor ſtrive to qualify or fit,
Yourſelves by legal ſtrife.
Drunkards, and publicans, and thieves,
And all who on him do believe:
May taſte the tree of life.

---

1 GOD's ſovereign power what man can ſcan?
Which form'd the huge Leviathan,
King of the ſcaly train,
What hand can drag him to the ſhore?
Or with a hook his noſtrils bore,
When ſporting on the main.

2 His curious garb what loom can draw?
When he unfolds his ſpacious jaw,
Who dares to war prepare?
His back emboſs'd with horned ſcale,
Forming a curious coat of mail,
Repels the piercing air.

3 His neeſings do a light diſplay
His eyes are like the morning ray,
Ting'd with a fiery ſtain:
Hot burning coals he fiercely throws,
From out his wide extended jaws,
Like Etna's bellowing flame.

4 Smoke

4 Smoke from his noſtrils does ſtream out,
As from a chaldron boiling hot;
His neck like ſolid oak.
When he his maſſy creſt doth rear,
He fills the nations round with fear,
As does the thunder ſtroke.

5 Hard as a ſtone his brawny heart;
Scorning he deems the poliſh'd dart,
Like ſtubble on the plain.
Flakes of his fleſh ſo cloſe entwine,
Like ſolid rock from Indian mine; gold
Or hard'ned iron chain.

6 Below him barbed weapons ſtand,
Which graze along the ſhelvy ſand,
Like harrows on the clod.
When near the ſurface he doth roam,
He makes the yielding billows foam,
Like to a path that's trod.

7 The oözy ridges boil and roar,
Like heaving waves that laſh the ſhore,
Puſh'd on by winds ſevere:
Or hoary froſt on tangling thorn,
Which glazed ſtand in winter's morn,
Before the ſun appear.

8 If from God's word we clearly ſee,
A *branch* of God's great family,
In ſuch a curious frame:
How great muſt be his ſovereign worth,
Who ſpoke, and all things did ſtand forth,
And ſtill upholds the ſame.

9 And that this mighty God ſhould chuſe,
For creatures who his love abus'd,
Upon a croſs to bleed.
When he our nature had put on,
Within a favoured virgin's womb,
A MYSTERY INDEED!

A POEM

ON THE BIRTH OF CHRIST. ~~JOB 41.~~

O Thou who art a principle divine,
Without beginning, nor enlarg'd by time;
Who in thyſelf all power doſt ſtill contain,
Doom'ſt one to labour, one to endleſs pain,
Thou com'ſt to dwell with us.
Thou God of Gods, thou bright effulgent blaze,
Whoſe trying eye marks all our crooked ways;
Of all firſt mover thou! fountain of light,
Devoid of thee all's meer Egyptian night:
Thou independant, ſelf exiſting ſpring,
Who acts without or change of place, or thing:
Pure in thy own immortal eſſence pure;
Unfathom'd ſource who will as ſuch endure,
May all ſubmit to faith!

Thy

Thy ſkill unequall'd rear'd all nature's frame,
And wheels it round in one unerring chain;
Each ſparkling ſtar that does heaven's arch adorn,
The flushing ſun which gilds the roſy morn,
They all were made by thee.
That thou who governs by harmonious ſway,
Should veil thy majeſty in mortal clay,
And of deſpiſed littleneſs make choice,
Here's matter to employ both heart and voice.
To day this great I AM who rules on high,
Sprawling we ſee on Mary's lap does lie;
To day this mighty God who knows no bound,
Contracted is and ſwathed all around.
Thoſe hands which launch the thunders in their roar,
Are helpleſs now, who can this thing explore?
He who the univerſe in order keeps,
Now 'mongſt the cattle in a manger ſleeps;
How does the father's other ſelf divine,
Around his mothers neck an infant twine;
Here reaſon's loſt, here faith muſt penetrate,
This myſtery this wonder truly great.
Who can conceive a ſtable e'er ſhould hold,
This mighty God who did in days of old,
Call back the ſun, the ſun obedient was;
Who clave the ſeas for his redeem'd to paſs;
My faith ſurpaſſes my ideas all,
My thoughts immerge—I'm loſt—I proſtrate fall.
Oh that I ſtill due reverence may pay,
Unto this little infant laid on hay;
Oh maſter-piece of God's eternal ſkill,

May I perſiſt to love and wonder ſtill,
May I at wiſdom's portals daily wait,
And learn to know more of this myſtery great:
And in this child ſalvation to explore,
Who was, and is, and will be evermore:
Though Jew and Greek this myſtery diſeſteem,
And trample on it as a madman's dream,
Yet here is wiſdom true.
This child whom Joſeph's wife did nurſe and tend,
E're long will with a ſhout from heaven deſcend;
And uſhering forth the trumpet's thundering roar,
The earth and ſea their priſoners ſhall reſtore;
All near or diſtant to his bar muſt come,
To meet their juſt irrevocable doom.
Then wiſdom's children ſhall exalted riſe,
Their Lord to ſee with unbeclouded eyes:
But Jew and Greek who trampled on his grace,
He'll frown for ever from his glorious face.
To roll in torments hopeleſs and forlorn,
Beneath that Juſtice which they here did ſcorn;
And will this day appear?
Then O my ſoul, love him who did relieve
Sinners, not only by a ſhort reprieve,
But fully cancell'd their enormous ſcore,
Heal'd up the breach—and all their ſorrows bore.
Love him I ſay, and boldly him confeſs,
Though it appear to moſt but fooliſhneſs;
Fear not the forerunner's within the vail,
His word will ſtand, his promiſes can't fail,.

FINIS.

my other self the debt has paid
A full atonement he has made
All welcome are who to him
fly.

ERRATA.

Hymn 6 verse 6 line 3 for *in*, read *is* H. 11 v. 3 l. 2 for *septre*, r. *sceptre*. H. 23 v. 3 l. 2 for *their*, r. *there*. H. 27 v. 2 l. 1 for *furness*, r. *furnace*. H. 29 v. 2 l. 1 for *creating*, r. *created*. H. 30 v. 5 l. 1 for *cries*, r. *crimes*. H. 59 v. 1 l. 7. for *that*, r. *than*. H. 61 v. 1 l. 2 dele *and*. H. 64 v. 7 l. 3 for *ane*, r. *and*. H. 90 v. 1 l. 1 for *here* r. *hear*. ibid v. 3 l. 2 for *bound*, r. *found* ibid l. 3 for *single* r. *sinful*. H. 94 v. 1 l. 4 for *Christ* r. *chant*.

Sinners who now on husks have fed
The joyce return heres living bread
Your every want can be supplyd
And when the last great trumpet blown
This dreary scene shall be withdrawn
Where every want shall be
supplyd

Isabella
Richardson
Mary Richardson